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Garrison Centenary

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FROM

Col. T. W. Higginson.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

The Celebration

of the

One Hundredth Anniversary

of the birth of

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

By the Colored Citizens of Greater Boston under the auspices of the Suffrage League of Boston and Vicinity

DECEMBER TENTH and ELEVENTH, MCMV

With abridged accounts of celebrations held by certain churches of Greater Boston Sunday Evening, December Tenth, in response to appeal of the Suffrage League

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Reported by Miss Ethel Lewis, Cambridge
Edited by the Secretary of the Suffrage League Centenary Committee

BOSTON
The Garrison Centenary Committee of the Suffrage League of Boston and Vicinity
1906

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GARRISON CENTENARY COMMITTEE

Publishers,

BOSTON, MASS.

PREFACE

The Suffrage League of Boston and vicinity, under whose auspices a two days citizens' celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, was held in Boston, Dec. 10th and 11th, 1905, voted at a meeting held at 3 Tremont Row, Room 19, Dec. 22nd., 1905, to authorize the publication in book form of a record of this citizens' celebration with an abridged account of those church celebrations held Dec. 10th, 1905, in Boston and vicinity, in response to the League's appeal to clergymen. In pursuance of that vote the Garrison Centenary Committee of the League have published this book.

In its preparation and publication they have had the active support of the Citizens' Committee of Arrangements of the celebration, and the assistance of those who took part in the program, of invited guests, and of many other citizens. The Committee are especially indebted to Miss Ethel G. Lewis, who volunteered her services as stenographer and attended nearly all of the sessions of the central celebration. Through her services, and the kindness of speakers who furnished manuscript, the Committee are able to present the main portion of every speech delivered, save one the author of which preferred its omission. They are indebted to Mr. Francis J. Garrison, also, for use of several cuts.

The value of this volume consists, not in its literary form—for it is but a plain narrative of events—but rather in its accurate historical record of a remarkable tribute to the memory of one of the world's greatest moral heroes by the citizens of the city where he worked, suffered and triumphed, a generation after his death. Its further value consists in the recorded utterances of men and women of strong intellect and of earnest purpose, some of whom knew Mr. Garrison as an intimate friend or relative, utterances which, taken together, constitute a notable contribution to the literature of agitation for human liberty and equal rights.

That this book may increase veneration for the great anti-slavery agitator, lead men and women to emulate his example, and help the anti-salvery cause of today, and of the future, is the prayer of its publishers.

Joshua A. Crawford, Chairman; Leigh W. Carter, Geo. F. Grant, Charles H. Hall, N. B. Marshall, Emery T. Morris, C. H. Plummer, A. H. Scales, Charles H. Seales, C. G. Steward, Joseph Lee, Wm. Monroe Trotter, Garrison Centenary Committee of the Suffrage League of Boston and Vicinity.

Wm. Monroe Trotter, Secretary.

Boston, January, 1906.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EXERCISES OF SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10TH.

At the Grave 7

At "Rockledge" 13

At the Statue 17

At the Joy Street African Baptist Church 21

EXERCISES OF MONDAY, DECEMBER 11TH.

Faneuil Hall:

Morning Session 31

Afternoon Session 36

Evening Session 49

Citizens' Committee 65

Auxiliary Church Celebrations 69

The Two Days Citizens' Celebration of the Garrison Centenary in Boston Massachusetts

Exercises of Sunday, Dec. 10, 1905

AT THE GRAVE, FOREST HILLS CEMETERY

The two-days celebration of the one-hundreth anniversary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, by the citizens of Greater Boston, under the auspices of the Suffrage League of Boston and vicinity, was formally opened just before one o'clock Sunday afternoon, Dec. 10, 1905, at the grave of the great anti-slavery agitator on Smilax path, Forest Hills cemetery in the Forest Hills district of Boston, Mass.

The city recognized the celebration by flying the flags at full mast Sunday and Monday from all public buildings, and many school children held Garrison exercises in the class room.

It had been snowing all night and was still snowing when the small body of admirers arrived at the goal of their pilgrimage, some in hacks and some on foot, among them two women and a little boy.

Benjamin H. Washington, son of the Stoughton florist, who was to donate the wreath for the statue, and grandson of a former deacon of the Smith Court church scraped the snow from the grave stone and William Monroe Trotter, son of the late Lieut. James M. Trotter of the 55th Mass. Regiment, removed the snow from the top of the grave. When the small company had drawn reverently near Mr. J. A. Crawford, chairman of the Garrison Centenary committee of the Boston Suffrage League, in a few well chosen words, declared the Citizens' Celebration, under the auspices of the Boston Suffrage League, opened, saying how much the Colored people revered the name of Garrison for his services in the cause of liberty and taking hope from the uniting of all elements of this people to honor Garrison's memory.

He then called upon Chairman Daniel H. Miner of the Citizen's Wreath Committee, who placed two wreaths upon the tablet, assisted by Mr. Emery T. Morris, nephew of Robert Morris, the great lawyer of the early times.

One wreath was donated by the Boylston street florists, Houghton and Clark, and the other by Mr. J. H. McKenzie, member of the wreath committee. Then Rev. S. J. Comfort, pastor of the Calvary Baptist church, offered a fervent prayer in part as follows:

We bless Thee today for the name of Garrison and for the great army of good men and women whom Thou didst raise up to defend the cause of the oppressed. Thou hast especially promised in Thy word to help those who are crushed by the hand of op-

GRAVE OF GARRISON
SMILAX PATH, FOREST HILLS CEMETERY, BOSTON

pression, and we acknowledge that we are the beneficiaries of this precious promise by the life of him whose name we revere and commemorate today. For, when sin and avarice were enthroned in the heart of the nation, when the national conscience was asleep, and when ministers of the precious gospel of Jesus Christ apologized and helped to tighten the awful fetters upon the slave, it was then that Thou didst call from the ranks of the people William Lloyd Garrison, who became our friend and our brother, and gave his life for the freedom of the slave. We thank Thee for the unselfish example of his life by which he suffered in the midst of poverty, and for the great heroism of his soul in that he would not be silent, but in spite of unjust laws and mob violence he continued to deliver the message of his soul until this nation was shaken from center to circumference, and the shackles of human slavery were burst asunder. We worship Thy name today that Thou didst give such a man to this nation, a man, who in the midst of persecution dared to stand alone and proclaim the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man. In this land of the free, where the gospel of Thy dear son is preached every Sabbath, we are still deprived of the equal benefits of the law. We are lynched and proscribed against, our pathway is hedged in by caste prejudice even now, the weak are wronged and oppressed by the strong. We know that Thou art a covenant-keeping God. Thou didst come down in answer to the cry of Thy people Israel, to deliver them and in answer to the groans ascending from huts and cabins of slave plantations Thou didst raise up the anti-slavery society and delivered four millions from that cruel bondage. We beseech Thee that Thou wouldst sanctify the memories that are revived today by a reaffirmation of those self-evident truths; that all men are created equal and endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We pray at this time for grace that we may ever remember our debt of gratitude for the noble men and women, who labored for the cause of justice and equality. Help us as citizens of this great republic, and in our domestic affairs to live worthy of all that they have done for us. We pray for the emancipation of this nation from the sin of unjust legislation, and that from the ceremonies of this day there may be a revival of the Garrisonian fiery zeal, consecrated by the spirit of Thy dear Son, and that it may continue to burn until the equal rights of a man shall be acknowledged everywhere."

At the close of the prayer, while heads were still bowed Mr. Morris began short tributes, saying: "Here is the grave of him who said "My Country is the world, My Countrymen are all mankind." Mr. Philip B. Downing son of the late lamented Geo. T. Downing, spoke of his great love for the dead hero and urged that Colored people unite to agitate. Mrs. D. H. Miner told of how her grandmother, "Mam" Riley, sold copies of the Liberator to help Mr. Garrison, after he came out of jail.

Mr. Crawford urged that a Committee place a wreath on the grave every year. Mr. T. P. Taylor told of first meeting Mr. Garrison in July, 1857, of the Colored men he found in his office and of his love for the man. Mr. Trotter told of his admiration for Garrison and urged that all rededicate themselves to agitate for equal rights.

Others present at the grave were Mrs. Ellen Rahn, her grandson Master William Davenport, Dr. J. R. Stroud, Mr. Charles A. King, with reception badges, his wife being secretary of the reception committee; Mr. L. J. Lynch, Mr. W. M. Lashly and Mr. J. O. Boone.

Then all wended their way back to the main thoroughfare and took cars for the Statue exercises.

The citizens' committee on Wreath were Mr. D. H. Miner, chairman, Mrs. Ellen Rahn, Mrs. Arianna C. Sparrow, Mr. J. H. McKenzie, Mr. Joseph Lee.

"ROCKLEDGE," HOMESTEAD OF GARRISON
125 HIGHLAND STREET, ROXBURY DISTRICT, BOSTON

At "Rockledge"

THE HOMESTEAD OF GARRISON

Now St. Monica's Home.

At 1 o'clock the second session of the citizens' celebration began at St. Monica's Home for Sick Colored Women and Children at 125 Highland street, Roxbury, in the house which was the last home of the great anti-slavery agitator.

This session was in charge of the St. Monica's Aid Sewing circle, and the St. Monica's Relief association, two organizations of Colored women that give financial aid to this hospital which is conducted by the noble Sister Catherine of the Episcopalian Sisters of St. Margaret, and here again, despite the storm and long, high climb to "Rockledge," a goodly number of women and several men were present to show their devotion. One of the latter was Mr. John D. Willard, who had been a personal friend of Mr. Garrison and a subscriber to the Liberator. He was the organist in Theodore Parker's church. The last time he had visited the house was when Mr. Garrison was living.

The exercises, which were held in the room named the "Garrison Ward," a large, rectangular room, formerly used as the parlor of the homestead, were presided over by an ardent admirer of Mr. Garrison, Rev. David R. Wallace, assistant pastor of the Episcopal Mission of St. Martin's on Lenox street. He began by saying the company were gathered together on that memorable occasion at the home of the great hero, and should begin with prayer, commending themselves to Almighty God. In his prayer he thanked the Almighty that he had sent a son to be a deliverer to the children of African descent, and had permitted them to witness the 100th anniversary of the birth of the great emancipator.

Rev. Wallace then addressed those assembled. He said it was his lot to be chairman as well as to pray.

Rev. Father Wallace said in part:—

It is my lot to be chairman of this meeting, and I assure you that it is a very great honor. It does not often come to one of my years to occupy so honorable a position, when you realize that only a year or so before Garrison's death I was an infant in arms. And so I feel it a great privilege and a very pleasant one to be here in the very home of Garrison, in this place where he found a refuge from the great storm and stress of his life. I think the friends of Garrison could have chosen no better place than this haven. Here, perched upon the ledges named fitly "Rockledge," he found peace from the great stress and strain and storms and wrecks of the anti-slavery struggle. And from this high eminence we can imagine him looking out into the world, seeing the peace that came to the many millions of souls because of his untiring, his unselfish labor. We know that Garrison was a man of peace, and we do not want to lose sight of that fact simply because the end of his labors resulted in one of the greatest of civil wars. He was a man who believed that his cause, the cause which he espoused could be a peaceable one, and in the articles of the constitution of the anti-slavery society there is special mention of the fact that peaceable methods were to be used. It is not Garrison's fault that there was the storm and the stress of it all. It was not his fault that this country was convulsed in a dread civil war. Not his fault in the least. Had men hearkened to his wise words in the beginning, or if they had repented later and hearkened even after a time, this whole cause of the delivery of an oppressed people would have been peaceably settled. We think at this time of the great anti-slavery liberators of Great Britain,— of Wilberforce, of Pitts, and Fox, and those other great men. And we think from time to time of the peaceable settlement of the slavery question in England and its colonies, and we wish that it could have been peaceably settled

here. But, my friends, we must realize that this country was not England, and that the people of this country could not be influenced by argument like the people of England and the people in their parliament. So it seemed that there had to be this great conflict.

We think of William Lloyd Garrison in this his homestead, the haven where he found peace after the strife. It is not given to men always to see the consummation of their efforts, but it was given to William Lloyd Garrison to see the results of his life-long agitation. And finally after the results were accomplished he was able to come to this haven of rest and peace. And now we gather here in this haven, and think of that great man, and wish and pray that he may have peace forever more, an everlasting peace.

Mrs. Wm. O. Goodell, secretary of the Relief association, then read very entertainingly the salutatory of The Liberator published Jan. 1, 1831, after which Mrs. Geraldine L. Trotter, ex-president of the Relief association, in the absence of the president, Mrs. George Glover, was called upon.

Mrs. Trotter said in part:

I had wished for a pleasant day today. I wanted the sun to shine and the birds to sing or chirrup, as they do in the winter, but I think as God looked back over the years of Garrison, He thought such a day as this would better stand for his life. We should be willing to do for Garrison the things he did for us. How many times he trudged through the cold, bleak and snow, and talked to a few people, and took the criticism of the many for our good.

And so today I think he must be looking down on us here as we gather to do him honor, pleased with our appreciation of his life. I really, when I think it over, am glad that the day is not fine, because it will show how many of us really appreciate what he did for us. And what more fitting place could there be than this, in which to gather to do his memory honor. Here, after Garrison had spent his best years fighting for the freedom of the slaves, years other men would have used to accumulate wealth, when he was an old man, and his friends who appreciated what he had done had collected a large sum of money and presented it to him, buying this place, he came to live. This place stands for the sacrifice he made and in its present capacity stands for the secrifice made by others.

It is now a haven for the sick, cared for by people who have given up much to be here. Here his wife, who had been his true helpmeet through all his trials, lived an "invalid until she passed on to the Higher Life." I believe in this very room his daughter was married. This home is a place of sacred memories, a hallowed spot, and I say, what better place could we be in today, where better could we honor this man's memory, or draw the lesson of what we should do? And I think that each one of us should pledge ourselves to make some sacrifice, to do something for the good of others. Just as he sacrificed himself for us, we should make some sacrince ourselves in his honor. Today what do we honor about Garrison? Is it the material things? No. It is the moral stand he took, the fight he made for the down-trodden, the voice he raised for those who had no voice, the courage that stood for the right, though all the world were on the other side. This man who was mobbed in the streets of Boston by respectable people—men with silk hats and frock coats, for us—how many of us are now willing to do for our own what that man did for us? How many of us are willing to stand out against the broadcloth mob, to stand by what is right in spite of the criticism of the many? That is the great lesson we Colored people should learn, those of us who have had the advantages of education, who have seen life in its broadest light, to be willing to sacrifice and to care as much for our race as he did, to do for our down-trodden people all in our power, for those who are not able to stand up for themselves to stand up for them, to make their cause our cause, their sufferings our suffering, as Garrison said "I made the slaves case from the start and always my own. My wife and children were they made for the auction block? Never!" Let us do that, let us do as much as we can for the oppressed, and may no words of ours be words of condemnation of our own. Let us act so that when we meet Garrison in the great beyond he will know we appreciated the sacrifice he made for us.

In behalf of the Aid Sewing circle, a

HELEN ELIZA GARRISON
NOBLE WIFE OF THE GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATOR

poem composed by Mr. Garrison himself, entitled "The Song of the Abolitionist," was read effectively by Miss Bessie Lee, daughter of Mrs. Robert Lee, treasurer of the sewing circle.

Mrs. Arianna C. Sparrow then gave brief personal reminiscences of Mr. Garrison. She said she was perhaps the only one present who had come within the radiance of Mr. Garrison's personal influence. She was brought by her mother, who escaped from slavery, to Boston, and was met by the lamented Lewis Hayden, and taken to his house, which was a hot-bed of anti-slavery activity. Her mother and she were taken to the anti-slavery society's rooms, and there Mr. Garrison put his loving arms around her, and she remembered the sensation to this day, as one feels when singing the hymns of being in the arms of Jesus.

Mrs. Sparrow's remarks were very brief, she saying that all else she could add was to hope for the auspicious ending of an event so auspiciously begun, as she was too deeply stirred for speech.

Rev. Wallace then closed, saying the occasion had been touching, and would not soon fade from memory. All who felt so inclined were invited by the ladies to leave a donation for the work, and then he pronounced the benediction, after which most of those present went out in the storm to take cars for the statue exercises.

The officers of the Sewing circle are: Mrs. E. J. Benjamin, president; Mrs. Frank Turpin, vice-president; Mrs. Campbell, 2d vice-president; Mrs. Robt. Lee, treasurer; Mrs. O. Armstead, secretary; officers of Relief association, Mrs. George S. Glover, president; Mrs. Adelaide S. Terry, vice-president; Mrs. W. O. Goodell, secretary; Miss Maude Trotter, assistant secretary; Mrs. George F. Grant, treasurer; committee on session, Mrs. E. J. Benjamin, Mrs. Anthony Smith, Mrs. Lillian Carroll.

At the Statue

ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE MALL

The third session of the citizens' celebration took place at 2.30 at the statue of Garrison on Commonwealth avenue, and the interest and devotion shown by the school children and by the old men was a most inspiring sight.

When the men and women who had gone to the grave reached Copley square, they found several hundred Sunday school children from the various Colored churches in Boston and Cambridge assembled in the corridors of the Public Library, in charge of Mrs. Olivia Ward Bush. Conspicuous among their teachers were Mr. Philip J. Allston and Mr. John W. Williams, superintendent at the Zion A. M. E. church. There also were many citizens present.

At 2.30 the company formed in line, the procession being headed by the Boston brass band, Mr. Henry Dixon, leader, followed by the Robt. G. Shaw Veteran association and a few members of the Peter Salem Garrison, Spanish War Veterans, and Robt. Bell post, G. A. R. Behind these came C. G. Morgan, Rev. E. A. Horton, Capt. Charles L. Mitchell and Mr. J. N. Butler, members of the Boston Suffrage League and Citizens' committees, then the Sunday school children, led by Mrs. Bush and attended by their teachers, and then the citizens, men and women. As the chimes of the Arlington Street church began to play the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the procession started out of the Library and in the snow storm proceeded to Commonwealth avenue, the sidewalks having been cleared for the occasion by the city employes. As the line turned into the boulevard it was met with a blast of wind and sleet that nearly took the children and women off their feet. The slush was ankle deep and the wind biting cold. But, undaunted, the line moved across the street into the mall and up to the statue and encircled it. As they reached the statue the children sang two verses of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the band playing the tune, the chimes pealing it forth and Mr. Geo. Sharper playing on the cornet. The children read the verses from souvenir cards, on one side of which was the cut of the statue and on the other a cut of Mr. Garrison.

At the statue the procession met the venerable John W. Hutchinson, the famous singer in the anti-slavery days.

The exercises were opened by C. G. Morgan, Esq., as vice-president of the Boston Suffrage League. This exercise was, indeed, the most heroic of them all. Speaking in a voice of wonderful strength and richness, he said:

The day is very inclement, so we shall remain at the statue but a very few moments. I desire on behalf of the citizens of Boston to say that we have come here today to pay honor to the greatest moral hero that America ever produced. And we believe the greatst moral hero the world ever saw, but one, and that exception the great Master of Men. William Lloyd Garrison was undoubtedly the central figure in that great struggle for human liberty, for which the 19th century undoubtedly stands. We have come today to place on this monument erected in his honor by citizens of this historic city a very small indication of the love and affection which we bear him, and that indication is only a symbol of that chaplet which our hearts will always wreathe and keep eternally green.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you here today as the friend who will place it upon this memorial monument one of the friends who went to the front from Massachusetts, one of the heroes of the big contest, our esteemed friend, Capt. Charles L. Mitchell.

Capt. Mitchell, assisted by Mr. Nathaniel Butler, who worked in the of-

GARRISON STATUE ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE MALL, BOSTON

fice of the "Liberator," placed the wreath on the statue. It was a grand sight to see these two venerable Colored friends and former employes of the great abolitionist hobble up to the statue and place the wreath at its base.

The wreath was donated by Mr. Benjamin F. Washington, the florist of Stoughton, Mass. It was made up by his daughter, Miss Addie H. Washington.

The Rev. E. A. Horton, chaplain of the state senate, then offered a wonderful prayer. He said: "Almighty God, thou hast given us this beloved land that we may have happy homes and artful pursuits, but we thank Thee most of all that Thou hast given us illustrious, ardent souls that inspired the minds and thrilled the hearts of the freemen and freewomen of this Republic. And here today, with love, with an esteem that cannot be measured by words, we place this chaplet. This is not the first time, gracious Guardian of the race, that these people have had overcast skies and troublous times around them, and this is not the first time that they have come through victorious to sing their psalms of thanksgiving. And Our Father, may these people, our brethren, as they celebrate these two days, the memory of this great man, so teach all citizens that forever and foremost in this land are liberty and justice and brotherhood, and may the exercises here brightly close, as it were, and bring the sunshine of happiness and encouragement to every one of them and to every one of us. Gracious God, we do not forget, though busy and prosperous in the present hour, what Thou hast done for us in the past, what has been done for us by those who in that day and generation were buffetted and scorned and were so cruelly misunderstood. Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer. Bless these children, that they may grow up into true manhood and true womanhood, and all nationalities, all faiths, and all peoples may live together beneath the flag that means equality before the law. This prayer we ask for those gathered here and for the millions throughout the Republic who are thinking of us at this hour. And this we ask as disciples of the Christ and as children of the Father. Amen."

Then Mr. Hutchinson, standing in that howling gale, took his position on the pedestal of the statue of his former friend and co-laborer and explained and sang in strong, melodious tones the old-fashioned anti-slavery songs, his long, white beard swaying in the wind.

At the close the line started for a short distance and then broke ranks, many going to the Smith Court synagogue exercises. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Butler were taken there in a carriage.

Two carriages containing members of the Garrison family, drove up to the statue while the exercises were in progress.

The officers and members of the Boston Brass band, who rendered such fine service, marching through the storm to the statue are Mr. Henry Dixon, leader; Mr. James F. Anderson, manager; Mr. T. Singleton, secretary; Mr. J. J. Dixon, treasurer; Mr. C. Sullivan, librarian; Mr. Geo. Jordan, president; Anderson, Sullivan, Mack, Crawder, Leaney, Graves, Wilder, J. W. Johnson, Colbert, J. Johnson, J. Moore, Gillespie, Connell Riley, Stewart, Fynes, Hodges, Scott, Jordan, Walker, Salter, Carter, Singleton, J. Dixon Lambert.

OLD JOY STREET AFRICAN BAPTIST CHURCH, SMITH COURT, BOSTON
WHERE GARRISON BEGAN ORGANIZED OPPOSITION TO SLAVERY

At the "Anti-Slavery Fortress"

OLD JOY STREET AFRICAN BAPTIST CHURCH

Now Synagogue Libavitz

The fourth session of the Citizens' celebration began soon after 3 o'clock, time being conceded to allow those who had faced the storm of sleet on the Commonwealth avenue boulevard, to reach the building, the Synagogue of the Congregation Libavitz, formerly the Joy street African Baptist church in Smith court, a sacred spot in the anti-slavery history of Boston. The session was in charge of the Boston Literary and Historical Association and the St. Mark Musical and Literary Union, Boston's leading literary societies.

The auditorium of the old church where Mr. Garrison founded the New England Anti-Slavery society in 1832, and where many stirring events in those days took place, and the galleries were filled to overflowing. Every available seat was taken and people standing reached out in the corridors In fact as many as it was deemed safe for the building's strength were crowded into it. There was some effort necessary at first to make the men understand that they should keep their heads covered in accord with the custom of the Jews in their synagogues. Seated on the small altar platform were: Mr. Francis J. Garrison, son of the Abolitionist, and member of the great publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, and Butler R. Wilson, Esq., president of the Boston Literary Association. On the first step Miss Maude A. Trotter, president of the St. Mark Union, was seated and below and in front of the altar sat Misses Lillian Chapelle and Bessie V. Trotter, secretaries of the St. Marks and of the Boston Literary respectively and the speakers.

Very attractive souvenir programs of this session were distributed as were the souvenir programs of the whole Citizens' two days' ceremonies.

The ushers at this session from the Boston Literary and St. Mark Union were Misses Bessie Lee, Pearl Scottron, Theresa and Leila Stubbs, Maggie Walker and Kathryn Wright.

In opening Mr. Wilson said in part:

The object of our meeting today is to observe the 100th anniversary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison. Of the value of his work and labor for liberty and humanity we are not yet perhaps able to speak with calm, dispassionate judgment. Our love and affection for him are still too warm and deep to allow us to make a full comprehensive analysis. The sigh in the soul and the throb in the heart are still ours. We cannot forget that on our account no American was ever so bitterly criticised and reviled. For us he lived in the white light of a cruel public criticism for a half century. For us he went to jail. He faced mobs around him; senators and members of congress could be bought; press and pulpit could be throttled; public opinion could be intimidated; the conscience of a great people that would flame at the theft of a dollar could be lulled into indifference at the theft of men and women. But this man of simple manners, of plain speech, of sweet temper, of modest, retiring disposition, took a stand for righteousness and justice, and though the storms of opposition cavorted all round about him, he stood there until the storms had passed away and the sunshine shone again. For us standing immovable, because for us he stood for the right.

I like best to think of Mr. Garrison's simple manners, the simplicity of his home life. It seems to me that in all the matter that we have concerning him there is this one great tribute to be gathered, neither friend nor foe ever attacked the sweet, white, clean personal living that was his always.

Then Miss Emily Hallowell, of the well known abolitionist family, and Mrs. Mattie A. McAdoo sang two duets most charmingly, plantation jubilee songs, "Nobody Knows de Trouble I See," and "Is Massa Gwine to Sell Me."

After the singing Mr. Wilson introduced Mr. Frank J. Garrison, son of the Abolitionist, who he said had only come at the committee's most urgent request.

Mr. Garrison said in part:

When I was told that a meeting was to be held in the Joy Street church, and was urged to address it, I could not refuse the request, for if there is a spot in all this wide country where it is fitting that this day should be commemorated, it is in this old church in which my father began his organized opposition to slavery, and struck the keynote for the multitude of anti-slavery societies which sprang up over the north as the consequence of the one founded here on the 6th of January, 1832.

No man made self of less consideration and to none was incense-burning more distasteful (than my father).

If he could speak today, therefore, he would pray to be spared eulogy, and especially if offered by men who are indifferent or recreant to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule, on which he based his warfare. For his advocacy of liberty and justice had nothing to do with the complexion, sex or nationality of those for whom he pleaded—these simply marked the victims of oppression. Human rights are the same everywhere, and in declaring the world to be his country and all mankind his countrymen, he claimed the right to vindicate them, regardless of geographical boundaries and human enactments.

But there can be no question as to the sincerity of the tributes of gratitude that will be paid to William Lloyd Garrison today by the race whom he helped to liberate from bondage, and it is most appropriate that members of it should hold a service in this building, where the first society in America to demand the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery was formed. Mr. Garrison said his father had no sentiment for buildings. But if virtue and piety are taught by those old landmarks, then surely the emancipated race in this country may well regard this building in which we are assembled as the Ark of their Covenant.

I do not recall anything in my father's career that illustrates more strikingly his sure instinct, his indomitable courage, his unwavering confidence in the power of truth over all obstacles, than the stand he took that stormy winter evening in the little schoolroom downstairs.

Towards the close of the year (1831) he took steps for the formation of a society to extend the agitation which he had begun single-handed, and, after three preliminary meetings, fifteen persons gathered here in this building on the evening of January 6, 1832, to complete the organization. When the preamble of the Constitution came up for discussion, my father found that three of his warmest supporters and closest friends were unprepared to subscribe their names to the demand for **immediate** emancipation. They believed in the doctrine. Two of them —the only two with pecuniary resources—had helped tide the "Liberator" over the financial shoals of its first year, and they were the only members of the gathering who could have been said to have what is called social standing in the community. "It is a mistake," they pleaded, "in trying to form a society and gain adherents, to demand **immediate** emancipation, for it will repel many good men who would otherwise join us. Say **gradual** emancipation, and many will come to us." "Undoubtedly," replied my father, "but they will not be worth a straw. We must plant ourselves on the bed-rock of immediatism. If human beings can be justly held in bondage a single hour, they can be held for days and weeks and years, and so on indefinitely, from generation to generation. The question of expediency has nothing to do with the question of right, and it is not for those who tyrannize to say when they may safely break the chains of their subjects. As well may a thief determine on what particular day or month he shall leave off stealing, with safety to his own interest. Come, let us proceed. We have twelve, the apostolic number, to begin with, even if you cannot join us." And so, undisheartened by this withholding of his weightiest associates—Samuel E. Sewall, Ellis Gray Loring and David Lee Child—he went ahead, and twelve

men, of whom not more than one or two could have put a hundred dollars into the treasury without bankrupting themselves, formed the New England Anti-Slavery society. (Applause.) Five of these were Mr. Garrison, his faithful partner, Isaac Knapp, Oliver Johnson, afterwards editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, Arnold Buffum, a Quaker hatter, and Joshua Coffin, who had been schoolmaster to the poet Whittier. The other seven names you will not recognize, but I will read them in completion of this roll of honor: Robert B. Hall, William J. Snelling, John E. Fuller, Moses Thacher, Stillman B. Newcomb, Benjamin C. Bacon, Henry K. Stockton.

"A fierce northeast storm, combining snow, rain and hail, was raging that night," wrote Oliver Johnson, "and the streets were full of slush." They were very dark, too, for the city of Boston in those days was very economical of light on this side of Beacon Hill. It almost seemed as if nature were frowning upon the effort to abolish slavery, but as the little company that formed the new society were stepping out into the storm and darkness from the African schoolhouse, Mr. Garrison impressively remarked: "We have met tonight in this obscure schoolhouse; our members are few and our influence limited; but, mark my prediction, Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles we have set forth. We shall shake the nation by their mighty power."

The roll of members which I hold in my hand, and which increased in numbers to seventy-two during the next two years, contains the names of many well-known Colored men of that day. I know not how many of them will be recognized by members of this audience, but some of them were household names in my boyhood, and I know in what warm esteem my father held John T. Hilton, the barber in Howard street, Coffin Pitts, the clothes dealer in Brattle street, James C. Barbadoes, Philip A. Bell, and John P. Pero, another barber. There were at least five barbers on the roll, and undoubtedly they improved their exceptional opportunities for debate and discussion while shaving and trimming their customers! Then there was John E. Scarlett, a chimney-sweep, and one of the little band of Colored men who constituted themselves a body-guard to my father, and sometimes followed him on his belated and lonely midnight walks over Boston Neck to his Roxbury home, in the fall and winter of 1834, to guard him against assault. There was Joel W. Lewis, a blacksmith, Roberts, a stevedore, Hannibal Lewis, a shoemaker, and Solomon R. Alexander, a shoemaker and carpenter in one. Other barbers were Thomas Cole, John B. Cutler, and James Barr, and there were two waiters, Thomas Brown and Thomas Dalton. And, finally, there was Thomas Paul, the Negro apprentice boy who was the "only visible auxiliary" of my father when Mayor Otis' police officers entered the attic printing office of the "Liberator" on a detective hunt to oblige a southern senator.

Not many great or many mighty were called to the work at the outset, but, as has so often been the case in history, this far-reaching movement was begun by obscure and humble men. Behold what sprang from the seed planted here that winter night! Two years later the American Anti-Slavery society was formed in Philadelphia, and less than four years after that, in 1837, Ellis Gray Loring could write, "Our cause has advanced until it numbers 800 societies. An anti-slavery society has been formed in the United States every day for the last two years. There are 300 societies in the single state of Ohio, one of which numbers 4000 members."

I shall not detain you with any account of the white members of the New England society, save to note that one of them, Moses Kimball, lived to present, nearly fifty years later, the bronze Emancipation group in Park square to the city of Boston.

The confidence and loyal support of the Colored people in Boston and other northern cities, poor and humble as they were, was a tower of strength to my father, as he was a pillar of light to them. He was not only the first to make a common rally in the slave's behalf under the banner of immediate and unconditional emancipation. He was the first to address on terms of equal brotherhood the class next above the slaves in public contempt and legal disability—the free blacks, and this was actually made a reproach by one of the most eminent Christian divines of the day! In the second number of the "Libera-

tor" he courageously urged the repeal of the laws forbidding marriage between a white person and a Negro, Indian or mulatto, and in the address which he delivered to the Colored people of Boston and other cities in June, 1831, he said:

"I never rise to address a Colored audience without feeling ashamed of my own color ;ashamed of being identified with a race of men who have done you so much injustice, and who yet retain so large a portion of your brethren in servile chains. To make atonement, in part, for this conduct, I have solemnly dedicated my health and strength, and life, to your service. I love to plan and to work for your social, intellectual, political and spiritual advancement. My happiness is augmented with yours: in your sufferings I participate.

"Henceforth I am ready on all days, on all convenient occasions, in all suitable places, before any sect or party, at whatever perils to my person, character, or interest, to plead the cause of my Colored countrymen in particular, and of human rights in general. For this purpose, there is no day too holy, no place improper, no body of men too inconsiderable to address. For this purpose I ask no church to grant me authority to speak —I require no ordination—I am not careful to consult Martin Luther, or John Calvin, or His Holiness the Pope. It is a duty which, as a lover of justice, I am bound to execute; as a lover of my fellow-men, I ought not to shun; as a lover of Jesus Christ, and of his equalizing, republican and benevolent precepts, I rejoice to meet."

Following this he gave them, without condescension and in a brotherly spirit, much excellent advice and suggestion as to how they might improve their own condition and promote the education of their children. I know nothing more touching than their response, or more truly prophetic, "Your remarks," they wrote, "were full of virtue and consolation, perfect in explanation, and furnished a rule to live by and die by. We feel fully persuaded that the day cannot be far distant when you will be acknowledged by the very lips of those who now denounce, revile and persecute you as the vilest and basest of men, the uprooter of all order, the destroyer of our country's peace, prosperity and happiness—to be its firm reliance, its deliverer, the very pillar of its future grandeur."

He often said that the highest compliment ever paid him, the only one he cared to remember, was when Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton of England invited a large company "to meet Mr. Garrison, the black advocate of emancipation from the United States." (Laughter). Never was there a more astonished host when the guest presented himself.

"Yes; God is my witness!" he said to the freedmen of Charlestown, South Carolina, on that April day in 1865, when, as the guest of the United States Government, he visited the old slave city and received the blessings of the emancipated, "I have faithfully tried in the face of the fiercest opposition and under the most depressing circumstances, to make your cause my cause, my wife and children your wives and children, subjected to the same outrage and degredation, myself on the same auction block to be sold to the highest bidder."

History, as Colonel Higginson has remarked, is apt to preserve but two or three names in connection with any great movement, and, in the lengthening perspective of time, it may be, as he has suggested, that Garrison, Phillips and John Brown will be the names chiefly associated with the anti-slavery movement in the United States. But as my father was ever eager to recognize the services of his fellow-workers, and to transfer to them the laurels bestowed upon himself, so today he would insist on sharing with them the honors paid to his memory, and would refuse to be singled out save as their representative." Mr. Garrison quoted from his father to show this to be true.

For myself, I can never think of my father without seeing him surrounded by that noble band of men and women who early rallied to his support, who stood by him through good and evil repute, and without whose potent aid he could never have maintained his crusade. Mr. Garrison then enumerated and paid a tribute to many of them.

He said he would not exaggerate the perils and sufferings of the condemned and unpopular abolitionists, there were benefits as well as hardships.

"When my father passed away, the reactionary movement against the exercise of the elective franchise by the

southern freedmen had already set in, and his last published utterance was a protest against the proscription which had driven hundreds of them from Mississippi and Louisiana to Kansas. Since then the fraudulent tissue ballots have been succeeded by no less fraudulent enactments which have practically disfranchised the Colored population of the south, and if he were to return today he would find not only the fifteenth amendment to the constitution nullified, but the thirteenth amendment, which abolished slavery, defied by the wretches who attempted a system of peonage He would find Negroes excluded from juries, from all town, city and state governing bodies, denied legal intermarriage with whites, restricted to Negro galleries in the theatres and Negro cars on the trains, subjected to excessive penalties for violations of law, and in many ways still victims of that cruel and unrelenting race prejudice which he assailed from the outset of his warfare seventy-five years ago. He would find women denied their full political rights in all but four states of the Union, and the Chinese, whose claim to equal treatment with all other immigrants to our shores be vindicated with his latest breath, still excluded as outcasts. He would view with amazement the spectacle of the United States seizing distant islands, slaughtering their people by tens of thousands, and establishing colonial government "without the consent of the governed." He would be saddened by the mad increase of naval armaments, and the increasing disposition to interfere in, and arbitrarily regulate, the affairs of feebler countries. He would deplore the lowering of civic ideals, the growth of the commercial spirit, which have resulted in the widespread business and political corruption now being uncovered in our country. But would be disheartened or hopless as to the future? Assuredly not!

Whoever follows the record of his life will find that throughout his long thirty years' warfare, his courage and hopefulness, his faith in God, his certainty of the triumph of right, were never greater than when the outlook seemed darkest to others. So, today, he would pronounce the progress made by the Colored population of the south since emancipation a marvellous record for forty years. He would exult in those beacon lights at Hampton, Tuskegee, Atlanta, Fisk, Calhoun and elsewhere in the south, and in the steadily increasing number of able and trained leaders of the race, and would welcome with thankful heart those scholarly and enlightened white men of southern birth who are more and more finding voice and courage to demand fair play and equal opportunity for all. Knowing that, under our political system, the only hope of correcting existing abuses, lies in the education, moral training and material progress of the ignorant and degraded masses, on the one hand, and the changed hearts of the white leaders of the south, on the other, he would find infinite encouragement alike in such object lessons as that wonderful procession, marshalled by Booker Washington, which passed before the president at Tuskegee the other day, and in the triumph of freedom of speech and opinion won by the white faculty—all native southerners—of Trinity college, North Carolina, a few months ago.

I trust that the celebration of this centennial anniversary will result not merely in centering attention for a moment on the man who was the leader of the anti-slavery agitation, but that they will turn many to a careful study of one of the noblest, as it was one of the most unselfish and far-reaching, movements of any time or land.

In conclusion, let me say how gratefully the children and grandchildren of William Lloyd Garrison appreciate the honors that are being paid to his memory today. In their behalf I wish to thank all who have labored to make the occasion significant and a fresh inspiration to work for the emancipation of the human race from every form of injustice and oppression.

Next came two more jubilee songs by Mrs. McAdoo, "I'm Rolling Through an Unfriendly World," and "I Done, Done What You Told Me To Do."

Mr. Wilson, in introducing the next speaker, narrated a thrilling experience of a mother and her little girl, who were over two years in escaping from slavery, finally being smuggled to Boston on board ship, where they were met by Lewis Hayden. This little woman was the character Eliza in

Uncle Tom's Cabin. The little girl, he said, is now Mrs. Arianna Sparrow. She was applauded as she came forward to speak. Her mother was the late Mrs. Cooley.

Mrs. Sparrow said: My mother was always asking me, "Don't you want to go to Boston? don't you want to be a nice lady? Don't you want to be free?" I used to say "I don't want to go away from my playmates; I want to stay with them." After a while she persuaded me to go, and I remember she made an effort. One evening we started in and I think we must have walked five miles to Norfolk, Va., where a captain was to meet about 20 people and bring them here. After this long walk we were disappointed; the man who was to meet us was not there, and we had to go back again into the city. Well, two or three years afterward she started again. She would keep saying to me over and over again, "you're going to be free, remember, you're going to be free." I suppose she wanted to make me feel satisfied with whatever inconvenience she put me to for the sake of my freedom. So finally, as Mr. Wilson says, we came to Boston after a sail of a week. Then Mr. Hayden met us at the dock. I always loved Mr. Hayden. He took me right up in his arms and never let me out of them until we landed in his doorway. I think it was a rule for every escaped slave to report at the anti-slavery office. In time we were taken down there and there I saw a great many gentlemen busy. They crowded around us, as my mother told her story. There was one, however, who didn't seem to take much notice. I afterward learned that that was Mr. Garrison. Finally when his attention was called to us he held out his hand to me and said, "Come here, little girl." He put his arms around me and patted me on the head, and asked me what I was going to do now I was in Boston. "Are you going to school?" I spoke right up and said "Yes." Then he told me he hoped I would grow up to be a grand good woman. "Your mother," he said, "has done an honorable thing for you." Afterwards I used to follow up the anti-slavery meetings. My mother later on became so sensitive that she could not go herself. She lost a very dear brother and sister, they being sold away through slavery, and she never saw them again and we have never heard of them since, and she never got over the shock of losing them. So I used to go to the meetings and bring reports of the meetings home. Of course I cannot say so very much of what Mr. Garrison said, except that I knew we had to sit a long time to listen when he got upon the platform to talk. I know it was always very solemn; there was never anything to laugh at in his speeches. He used to impress us with the direful wrong of slavery, and I used to dread when he got up, for I knew it was a long time we had to sit there. I do not know that I ever missed going to the meetings. When I saw Mr. Garrison on the street I always used to bow to him. Of course I don't think he remembered me, but he used to bow to me and pass on. I was a member of the anti-slavery society.

I used to stay away from school to attend the meetings. I asked my mother for a dollar and I joined the society. I think that dollar did for all my life as long as I was a member of the society. (Laughter.) I used to get away from school to attend the meetings. Going to the teacher I would ask to be excused, and she would ask me what for, and I would say, "Why the anti-slavery society meets this afternoon." "Well," she would say, "what of that; what have you got to do with it?" "Why," I would say, "I've got to be there. I've got to go with my mother.' I think I saw Mr. Garrison on the night of the Emancipation Proclamation. We were all in Tremont Temple. He was a very solemn person.

Miss Alla W. Foster, the daughter of Abby Kelly and Stephen Foster, was introduced as a school teacher in Boston and an intimate friend of Mr. Garrison and his family. She said in opening that she came primarily to try to make the audience realize that such a man as Mr. Garrison really did live. She said her tribute was that of his wonderful private home life, as she as a child was often in the Garrison home. They lived in a house in Dix place, in a little house, but yet it was the biggest house she ever saw, especially when there was a convention in town. The children seemed to disappear when the anti-slavery conventions adjourned to Mr. Garrison's house. She said the

Garrisons were poor like all the abolitionists, and turning to Mr. Garrison on the platform she said, "Weren't we poor, Mr. Garrison." (Laughter.) She said she wondered how the family got enough to eat, but Mrs. Garrison was a great provider, and could make her market basket of food go a long ways. Yet the spiritual hospitality of the family was the chief attraction in their home. The talk was all of the abolition movement, what this mob had done, and that convention would do.

Mrs. Garrison was as great as Mr. Garrison, said the speaker, and without her, Mr. Garrison could never have done what he did. She closed with a tribute to the Abolitionist for his personal aid to her mother as a woman rights woman and for his work in that cause for all women.

Mr. John J. Smith, a man 85 years of age, ascended the altar amid applause and spoke briefly, saying:

Mr. Chairman—I cannot express my feelings. This place here is sacred. It is the only place in early life where Mr. Garrison could stand and that they could not break up the meetings and he could speak to the people. No mob ever entered into this place to take him out or to stop him from speaking. I became acquainted with Mr. Garrison in the latter part of 1840. I desired to be introduced to Mr. Garrison. Coming from the south and being a barber I had heard Mr. Garrison spoken of in the barber shop, and abused, etc., and I wanted to see this wonderful man that there was so much talk about. Well, I had been born a freeman, and as Mrs. Sparrow said, free people did not associate with slaves. They thought themselves above them. The white people had put that barrier between them. Well, we went over to the anti-slavery office. Mr. Garrison had in his hand a "stick" with type in it, and he said to me, "Take a seat." About the third question asked me was, "Was I a slave?" "No," I replied, pretty promptly, "but I have seen slavery in all its forms." I went to work and commenced telling him of all the horrors of slavery that I had seen. When I said, "Well, there are some good slaveholders." "No, sir," he said, "there is not one good one; not one of them." Then he began asking me questions. Would I think a man was good if he sold my father and mother and they went one way and I went another; would I call him a good man? Of course I had to say, no sir. I was convicted at the start. I came out of that office a wiser man. I commenced following the Liberator. All Mr. Garrison's followers were true; they would stand by him and would sacrifice their own lives at any time for Mr. Garrison. I will tell you what I think of Mr. Garrison, and I have been trying to find some one that I can put alongside of him. I think Mr. Garrison was the greatest man that this country ever produced. Why, show me the man that ever accomplished as much as William Lloyd Garrison did in forty years? I know of no one greater. And he built his foundation on that declaration "immediate and unconditional emancipation," and he stood on that foundation until the work was accomplished. Moses comes nearest to him. Who else? None other. Mr. Garrison lived to see the whole country free. He did a great work for the Negro of this country when he washed that foul stain from the good name of Christian America, American slavery, when he wiped that out, I say, he did a great work for this nation and for this people. I tell you, my friends, I feel proud to think that I am living today to hear from the son of the noblest man that this country has ever produced, to hear from him of the work of a noble ancestor.

At the close of Mr. Smith's eloquent tribute, which evoked much applause, Mr. Garrison pointed to the banner in the rear and said the motto thereon, "Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be defeated but our principles never," was incorrect in that the word personally was left out before the word defeated. The banner was one that used to hang in the anti-slavery fairs and festivals, and the words were from the declaration of sentiment written by Mr. Garrison and signed at Philadelphia in the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Association, December, 1833.

He also spoke of the bust of his father, which Mr. Thomas P. Taylor had kindly loaned, saying it was from the last portrait made of his father and his children think it the very best ever made of him. It was made by Miss Anne Whitney, and gave his father great pleasure that a woman did the work.

After two more jubilee songs by the same two singers, "I'm Gwine to Sing," and "My Way's Cloudy," Mrs. C. G. Morgan was introduced.

Mrs. Morgan read a beautiful tribute to Mr. Garrison's wife, after eulogizing Mr. Garrison as one of such largeness of soul that it makes one feel the story of his life is incomplete without the mention of that gentle spirit whose soul also cast in an heroic mould was conspicuous among the noble women of her day in the great cause for which her husband labored so assiduously."

She said further in part:

This occasion is especially to honor the Titanic leader of that movement who was forced to say of himself: "It is my lot to be branded through this country as an agitator, a fanatic, an incendiary and a madman. There is one epithet, I fervently thank God that has never been applied to me, I have never been stigmatized as a slaveholder, or as an apologist of slavery."

We do not hesitate to say that the bigotry of William Lloyd Garrison lay in his righteous pertinacity of aim and purpose, his fanaticism in holding the abhorrent sin of slavery before the public eye in season and out of season—his madness in the steadfast resolution to stand—if he stood alone—against the sin of the slave system, and if agitator he must be called it was because he cried out for the only peace that could endure, and the only quiet that could be permanent—that built upon the recognition of the brotherhood of man, as an incendiary he burnt only the dross, and his infidelity was a devout constancy to truth.

And it is a cheering sight to see this strong man at the world's convention in 1840 absolutely refuse to take his seat on the floor of the convention or lend his voice in the proceedings because his co-delegates, the women, were refused admission.

Helen Eliza Benson, the wife, was born in Providence, lived in youth in Brooklyn, Conn., and had noble parents, her father being an abolutionist She was comely, thoughtful, courteous and kind, and Garrison fell in love with her at first sight. The marriage of these two, ever faithful and loyal to each other, was consummated in the fall of 1834. in the midst of a period when the Liberator, through its forceful messages of truth and freedom, was already reaping a harvest of abuse, threatened violence, and even assassination from the South, and both derision and obloquy from the well-dressed but ill-bred in the North. Leaving a home of safety and coming to one wherein she and her husband dwelt almost constantly in the shadow of martyrdom had no fears for this noble young woman. Such dauntless courage and such fidelity to the right surely gave a new impetus to the self-sacrificing task of William Lloyd Garrison.

It may be that Ruskin is quite right in saying "that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was not a mere caprice of romantic fashion, but rather the type of eternal truth, and that the soul's armor is never well set-to unless a woman's hand has braced it." Never was woman better adapted for bracing securely the armor of a knight than Helen Eliza Garrison, to whom the following tribute was paid by Wendell Phillips, "Her own life and her husband's moved hand in hand in such loving accord and seemed so exactly one, that it was hard to divide their work."

How significant and yet how pathetic when the triumph came Mrs. Garrison's bodily activity was over, for she became an invalid and remained so until the end of that useful and strikingly beautiful life.

At the close of Mrs. Morgan's address, a collection was taken for the suffering Jews in Russia, out of appreciation for the use of the synagogue and amounted to over $36.

Perhaps the climax of the meeting for pathos and vivid portrayal, came in the last address, that of the venerable Colored woman, Miss Eliza Gardner, who had gone to school in the vestry of that very church edifice, All eyes were moist as she closed, breaking down under her emotion. Miss Gardner said in part:

I feel too deeply moved by the events that occurred forty years ago to speak as my heart would dictate. I feel so keenly the many things that have been said about Mr. Garrison and his friends and the times in which they lived and moved. From my earliest childhood I remember that I had a mother who was interested in the anti-slavery movement, and I can re-

member that when my father got a home for wife and children that in that home there was a room for the panting fugitive who would come tapping at the door, sometimes in the midnight hour, seeking a refuge. And so from a very young child I commenced attending the anti-slavery meetings. My mind goes back to Tremont Temple and the meetings there. I can hardly realize and these young people can hardly realize that in Boston, when Mr. Garrison would attempt to speak, he would not be allowed to. From the galleries the mob would shout and sing, and we always sat on the lower floor, and we had to dodge the cushions and things that would be hurled from the galleries. They would hoot and shout, trying to sing John Brown's Body is Marching On, while the mob would yell, and the cushions coming down, while we had to duck our heads to keep them from coming upon us. At the Tremont Temple one morning I remember particularly, they said for the safety of the building the meeting must adjourn, and the pastor of this church, Rev. Sella Martin, stepped to the front and said, "This meeting will not close but will adjourn to meet in my church the Joy Street Baptist church tonight. That meeting adjourned and we met here. I do not know that I was as brave as my own dear mother, but so terrible were the scenes at that time that I was afraid to stay in the house, but I was equally afraid to go out of the door (Laughter.) I remember sitting up in that gallery and hearing the hooting mob on the outside, a mob that stretched from this court to Cambridge street, waiting for Wendell Phillips, and determined that somebody would be sacrificed that night. He came up the aisle leaning on the arm of Francis Chapman, and with him, I am thankful so say, were seven or eight black men, ready to do or die. (Applause.) John Brown, Jr., was there, too, and standing on the platform, he took out knives, pistols, and anything that would defend and told the congregation what to do. We had a glorious meeting. The speaking was almost divine. I kept listening, and I said to my mother, "We are having a good time in here, but hear the mob outside." The meeting was dismissed, and they got the women and children out through a rear way that the mob did not know about. There was one man, John Mulligan, who kept a sailor's boarding house, who had slain his man and served his time in defense of his rights. When he and his men went out, the mob said, "Here comes Mulligan," and they parted and let him go through.

As we came out through that rear way onto Irving street and Russell street, the crowd seemed to realize that we were escaping them, and they surged down through Cambridge street. My mother and I went down Anderson street, The Phillips schoolhouse was just being built, and the stones and bricks were piled up there, and they did good service that night. And there was bloodshed that night, for I saw a man with the blood streaming from his face where he had been cut on the forehead. As we reached the house of Mr. John J. Smith he opened his doors and he allowed my mother and myself to come in, and we remained there until it was safe for us to pass out.

These scenes are fresh with me today. I can scarcely realize that they have passed away, perhaps forever. And sometimes when I read of the horrible outrages perpetrated upon my race in the southland now, I wonder if they are over. (Here Miss Gardner sobbed and buried her face in her hands, while many others wept.) And I can almost invoke Mr. Garrison's presence from the spirit-land to again fight the battle.

The members of the Garrison family at the Synagogue were: Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Fanny Garrison Villard, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Garrison, Mrs. George T. Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Garrison, Jr., Miss Margaret Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Garrison, Mr. Rhodes Anthony Garrison, Mr. Harold Garrison Villard, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, Master Wendell H. Garrison, Master Robert H. Garrison.

Four descendants of Arnold Buffum were there also, namely his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Chace Tolman of West Newton, her two sons, Richard and Edward Tolman, and Mr. Arthur Wyman of Valley Falls, R. I., another great-grandson. These four and the members of the Garrison family were the only descendants of the twelve founders of the first anti-slavery society who were present.

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON
AMERICA'S "CRADLE OF LIBERTY"

Exercises of Monday, December 11, 1905. In Faneuil Hall

MORNING SESSION 10.30 o'clock

The fifth session of the citizens' celebration took place Monday morning at Faneuil Hall, and was in charge of the Women's clubs and the Veteran's Associations. The session was opened with prayer by Rev. D. R. Wallace. Then Adjutant Walter J. Stevens of the Peter Salem Garrison Spanish War Veterans, chairman of the joint committee in charge of the session made the introductory remarks. He said it seemed particularly fitting to meet in Faneuil hall. Those who heard the speakers on Sunday praise Mr. Garrison must have been filled with conflicting emotions. He said that as he sat in the Smith court synagogue he almost felt he could hear the howling of that mob, but today in Faneuil hall he felt in a freer atmosphere. He was unable, he said to voice the obligation owed to Mr. Garrison. Then he introduced Miss Eliza Gardner to preside.

Miss Gardner said Garrison was one of the greatest men who ever lived. She mentioned men and women who aided Garrison in his work, and said Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" meant more to the Negro race than even the "Star Spangled Banner." She said the Colored folk themselves were among the willing helpers of Garrison, remarking that many knew well how Mrs. Scarlet's little tailor shop in Spring Lane was a place where aid could always be found when there was a fugitive to be cared for. Mrs. Mary Buchanan, whose family were among the early helpers of Garrison, and who herself was associated in that work, reviewed facts in the life of the great liberator. After this, the entire audience stood while Miss Georgietta Woodest sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Mrs. Wm. H. Hamilton was the piano accompanist.

Miss Gardner then introduced the Chaplain of the State Senate, Rev. E. A. Horton, who said there was nothing more touching than to have one speak in an assemblage like this of the past, and show by the thrill of the voice and the moistened cheek that that space of time is all wiped out and the one she loved as a leader seems to be by her side. That makes things real, takes Garrison off the printed page and out of the frame and gives him to us as a man who lived and had his friends and knew the delights of life.

He said in coming down Commonwealth avenue to the meeting he had noticed that the wreath placed on the Garrison statue had been removed. A neighbor told him that a workman had taken it away. I didn't go out there in the slush and wet yesterday to have the wreath we placed there taken away in a few hours by a workman. That wreath ought to go back there, and it ought to stay through the day. Cries of "Shame! shame" came from different parts of the hall, but the speaker said he did not mean to start any sensation, but merely to state a fact; and thereafter he spoke of the significance of numerous incidents in Garrison's life.

"I wish to say to my brethren of the people who have so enthusiastically remembered this anniversary, one of your number said to me yesterday as we were marching from the Boston

Public library to the statue on Commonwealth avenue, "Well, thank Heaven, there is one man at least under whom we all drill and train and progress. By the memory of Garrison all factions are united among the Colored people, and it betokens strength for your cause.

"I hope the time is nigh at hand when the principles expressed by Booker T. Washington and Prof. Dubois will come together and coalesce and make one."

What a fearful price was paid that slavery might be cut down and the Union preserved. But it was the Almighty's penalty inflicted for the wrong done by the American people. Now I want you of the Colored race to take this great fact for encouragement to you and to me and to all. Why are you crowning Garrison today with such laurels of heartfelt praise? Because he was eloquent? Colonel Higginson, noble name of a noble man, Higginson who led the Colored troops at Wagner, says, "I never listened to Garrison when I thought he was interesting." He claims that Garrison never had oratorical powers. Garrison conquered by a sceptre that is grander than many worded eloquence or the logical sequence of address. He conquered by the ignited glowing power of moral conviction.

While Rev. Horton was speaking, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe came in. The audience stood up and applauded vigorously until she had taken her seat upon the platform.

At the close of Chaplain Horton's remarks Principal Alonzo Meserve of the Bowdoin Grammar school was introduced. He spoke of his personal recollections of Garrison. He said in part:

My remarks will be mainly of a reminiscent character, a man's recollections of his youthful observations of the last decade of the anti-slavery agitation. The Garrisonians were men and women terribly in earnest. They did not use soft words to express their horror of slavery, and they were not much disturbed at the not always choice epithets hurled at them in return. One of their common expressions was, "We must feel for those in bonds as bound with them." They were moral force incarnate, the logical and lineal descendants of the English yeomanry who, under Cromwell, threw down the gauntlet to the Stuart cavaliers. I well remember Mr. Garrison. He had the head of a philosopher, bald, a kindly face; he wore spectacles, his rather slow movement of speech, devoid of gestures, somewhat cold as a speaker, but always the center of interest, admiration and love to the poor, plain, moral people who mainly made up his following. I heard him say one Sunday evening in answer to a preceding speaker that a man ought not to tell a lie to save his life. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," was another expression often falling from the lips of his followers. The last time I saw Mr. Garrison he was slowly walking up Cornhill, wearing a very long coat and a soft gray hat. His whole bearing was that of a scholarly gentleman, a benevolent, dignified man.

Near the scene where Geo. Thompson was mobbed at Abington, a scene which made an abolitionist of my father, is the beautiful Island Grove. For a score of years on the anniversary of British West Indies emancipation immense gatherings came to celebrate the event. These meetings were under the direction of the Mass. Anti-Slavery society. I have seen and heard there Mr. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Senator Charles Sumner, Gov. John A. Andrew, Vice-President Henry Wilson, Geo. Thompson, Dr. Lyman Beecher, Parker Pillsbury, Rev. Samuel J. May and his father, Henry C. Wright, Charles L. Remond, Wm. Wells Brown, Abby Kelley Foster, the Grimkie sisters, Stephen S. Foster and many other leading abolitionists.

In closing, I will add that on the 25th anniversary of the mobbing of Geo. Thompson ten thousand people gathered to give him a hearty welcome in the Island Grove, a half mile from the spot where he was mobbed. The utmost respect was paid him and he delivered one of his masterly orations.

I am ready to say that the black race is just as potential a people as any other race on this globe. I do not say that to evoke your applause; I say it because I feel it down deep in my heart, and it is furthermore drubbed into my head because I have been brought in contact with your children, and it has been my privilege to be a humble leader in trying to make them see more of the good

tnings in this world than their fathers saw. In 1897 there was a class of about 50 graduated from my school. The number one scholar was a Colored girl, the number two scholar was a Colored girl, the number three scholar was a Jewish girl, and then the Plymouth Rock Yankees and the Irish Americans and the Germans came along, glad to be in the procession under that leadership. So I say to you, just try and meet every opportunity you can get in the way of education, especially because in this country education is the poor man's lever by which he raises himself to the highest positions of honor and trust.

He also exhibited a copy of The Liberator, Garrison's paper, of date Nov. 25, 1859. which aroused much applause.

While Mr. Meserve was speaking the pupils of his ninth grade, with a flag at their head entered the hall, escorted by Mrs. Addie H. Jewell and marched down the side aisle and took seats, amid great applause.

Mrs. Julia W. Howe was introduced and was greeted with applause and waving of handkerchiefs. She said in part:

Miss President and dear friends:—

I am here with a word only, of gratitude to one of the benefactors of the human race. The colored people of the south were considered of small account in the days when Mr. Garrison took up their cause. Their ancestors had in the first instance been stolen from their own country, had been sold like merchandise and driven like cattle. North and south submitted to this state of things, although there were some who wished very much that things had turned out otherwise but did not see how the matter was to be helped. Then rose up William Lloyd Garrison in the strength of his plain, simple manhood to protest against the outrage of such treatment of human beings made in God's image for all the good things of life. How bravely he stood against the censure of society, against the threats and violence of the mob.

Your race is coming now to have noble representatives. Hampton and Tuskegee speak out. Paul Dunbar and Prof. Dubois (applause) represent you creditably in the literary world. Harvard college honors your athletes and applauds your writers. The word has gone forth for you. Go up higher; go up higher, and the divine order of things is on your side."

After Mrs. Howe finished the school children sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the verses being sung as a solo by Marie Scott and the rest joining in the chorus. In the chorus after the last verse all joined, led by Mrs. Howe, who indicated the rhythm by the waving of her hand.

The pupils, all the school girls, sang "Speed Our Republic," the piano accompaniment being played by Mrs. Wm. H. Hamilton. Then the entire audience sang "America," led by the school children.

This ended the first half of the session and Miss Gardner yielded the gavel to Adjt. Isaac S. Mullen of the Robert A. Bell Post 134, G. A. R.

Mr. Mullen quoted the poet Whittier's praise of the purity of Mr. Garrison's life. He spoke of his own school-days in the basement of the Smith court church. He said the memory of Garrison lived, "not alone in the written history of the conflict to which he was devoted, but in the hearts of those millions who were benefited by his adherence to their cause. He said the riots at the North were led by the men who profited by the African slave trade, and that freedom in America then applied only to white people, despite the heroism of the Colored men on sea with Perry, and on land with Andrew Jackson, but Garrison arose and by his agitation brought universal freedom, though bitterly assailed for his views. In closing he hoped that the foundation upon which Garrison built his superstructure, and the benefits derived therefrom, might always be kept in the memory of rising generations, and the generations yet to come, and that the efforts now so grandly made for the observance of this 100th anniversary would not gradually "crumble into dust, and like the baseless fabric of a vision leave scarce a memory behind," but that it would continue as an incentive to all peoples and nations of the earth.

Mr. Mullen then introduced Mrs. Agnes Adams, who said in part:

It has been just 41 years since an emancipated people stood upon the threshhold of a new era, facing an unknown and uncertain future, home-

less, penniless and nameless. Then it was that the women of the race said: "I will mother this people in every avenue of life." Although two hundred and fifty years of bondage had outraged every feeling of wife and motherhood, had steeped their lives for generations in immorality, yet she said, "I will do my best." I will work in the field all day beside my husband and will work all night that the boy and girl may go to school, that the husband may succeed in business, that our little home may be paid for. The great army of lawyers, teachers, and doctors, and the thousands of homes owned by our people go to prove how well she has kept her bond—of the many struggles of the mother to protect her home and her children while the husband was away; of the struggle to keep up and of the anguish of the parents when they returned home to find a little pile of smouldering ashes all that was left of what was their home. Now we turn to a new era, when a new picture presents itself. Co-operation was now their watchword. And so they formed themselves into clubs. The women of my race said if it is necessary for a race that has had two thousand years the start of us to establish such things, how much more necessary that we should do so. Our first coming together was held in Boston in Berkeley Temple eleven years ago, under the Era club. They came to that convention from the Pacific slope, from the Atlantic and the gulf states. They sat in that convention three days asking the question, What must we do? They went forth from that convention organizing clubs throughout the country until we now number over one hundred. We have not always done our best. One of our great struggles has been how to keep our husbands and children from being infidels. We have not always done our best, but we do hope to do better in the coming years. We are trying to teach our children the importance of leading the simple life. We are trying to teach them the value of honest labor.

And we have with us the great characters of the mother and the wife of Garrison, who was with him in every struggle.

Miss Denby sang "The Lord is My Light" most beautifully and as an encore "O, Dry Those Tears."

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, introduced as Mrs. Judge Terrell of Washington, D. C. said in part: The honor which you confer upon me seems greater than I can bear. The facts associated with Faneuil hall are sacred to me. It never occurred to me I should be able to stand on the platform of Faneuil hall, where Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and those other champions of liberty stood, where they roused this nation to the awfulness of the crime of slavery. In spite of all the hardships to which we are subjected I believe things will be better tomorrow, but the love of liberty, which prompted the Pilgrim Fathers to forsake home and friends, I believe is being submitted to the children's children forever.

I cannot help feeling that if William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and those other men could come here today they would be dreadfully pained and shocked to find what a revolution on the race question has taken place in the short time of forty years. But, my friends, though oppression and injustice stalk about the land, I sometimes think that retribution may be coming on apace with a strong, avenging hand.

Mr. Mullen then read the caution contained in the souvenir program, saying we did not have to do that now.

He then introduced Mr. James H. Wolfe, Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the G. A. R.

Mr. Wolfe said in part:

"I knew Mr. Garrison personally and am proud of the fact. Let us draw what lesson we can from his great and good life and let us see if we have any of the qualities that compose his splendid character. Let us see if be not true that a race lifted from slavery by the work of Garrison is not forging ahead at a speed worthy of him. It is an important fact that the conditions are so changed that the southern attack upon the blacks is never single-handed but always strong in numbers. Garrison gave us a flag and a country and it behooves us to remember that that flag was fought for and won by Negroes. Never in our country's history has a Colored man been a traitor. Race prejudice is rampant in certain parts of our country and sooner or later we must come to our defence.

We are men and can suffer for what are our rights and from somewhere there will come to us a leader. I would rather have the ballot than a bank account, for what good can money do me when I can not have a hand in the passing of my country's laws. Money is powerful but the exercise of franchise is far more powerful. I am hopeful over the revival of oratory among us and I believe that the race problem is simply a question of fair play for our boys and girls. We ask for opportunity in proportion to our merit. I am glad to pay tribute to the great Wm. Lloyd Garrison, whose work cannot be depreciated and my earnest hope is that we may effectually finish the fight he so successfully made for us."

Motion was then made by Mr. J. A. Crawford that a committee of five be appointed from this meeting to go with a committee from the Boston Suffrage League to go to the office of the Mayor to have the wreath replaced on the Garrison statue. Adjt. W. J. Stevens, Mr. John J. Smith, C. G. Morgan, Esq., W. M. Trotter, J. A. Crawford, T. P. Taylor, Milton Walker and Rev. Wm. H. Scott were appointed.

Chairman Mullen read verses from page 10 of the Souvenir Program and then announced a solo by Miss Rosa M. Cuffee.

This session closed with benediction by Rev. F. G. Snelson, pastor of the St. Paul Baptist church, Cambridge.

Faneuil hall was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting by the New England Decorating company. Upon a platform in front of the desk was a large life-size crayon portrait of Mr. Garrison, draped, which was loaned by Mr. Francis J. Garrison, and on one side of the platform was a bust of the emancipator, which Mr. T. P. Taylor loaned for the occasion.

The committee in charge of this session were:—Adjt. Walter J. Stevens, chairman, Miss Josephine B. Selden, secretary; Mrs. Addie H. Jewell, Mrs. Olivia Bush, Mrs. R. C. Ransom, Mrs. Smith, Commander A. Ditmus, Mrs. Jewell, Mrs. E. M. Cotten, Mrs. Harding, Mrs. E. Allston, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Hannah Smith, Mrs. George Lewis, Mrs. C. E. France, representing the following clubs and organizations: John Brown Memorial, Protective League, King's Daughters, Queen Esther, Women's Era, Ruth Circle, Maternal Association, Queen Esther's Court, Lily of the Valley Mission, Foreign Missions, G. A. R., Shaw Veteran Association, Peter Salem Garrison and Household of Ruth.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 3 O'CLOCK

The sixth session of the Citizens' celebration began at 3 o'clock on Monday at Faneuil hall. The hall was well filled. Upon the platform were: Mr. John J. Smith, Mrs. Betsey Blakeley Hudson, known as "Mr. Garrison's gift," escaped fugitive slave, who was brought from the wharf to an anti-slavery meeting in Faneuil hall, then called Betsey Blakeley; Rev. J. H. Wiley, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Fanny Garrison Villard of New York, daughter of Garrison; O. G. Villard of New York, editor of New York Evening Post, grandson of Garrison; Capt. Charles L. Mitchell, Hon. Moorfield Storey, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, Mr. J. Nathaniel Butler, Miss Alla W. Foster, daughter of Abbey Kelley Foster and Stephen Foster; Hon. A. A. Perry, Miss Pauline Hopkins, Frank Sanborn, Mr. A. M. Howe, Rev. A. A. Berle, Rabbi Chas. Fleischer, Rev. Byron Gunner, Prof. Albert B. Hart, John D. Long, trustee of Zion A. M. E. Zion church, E. H. Clement, editor of Transcript; John W. Hutchinson, Walter Allen, editor of The Herald; Emory T. Morris, C. G. Morgan, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Rev. Wm. H. Scott, president of Boston Suffrage league; John W. Smith, an old anti-slavery printer, Joshua A. Crawford, Walter Thomas, T. P. Taylor, W. M. Trotter, secretary Garrison Centenary committee; James A. Lew, Horace Gray, Pierre Zeno, commander of Wm. Lloyd Garrison G. A. R. post of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. F. G. Snelson, Homer B. Sprague, Edwin D. Mead, Rev. Chas. Ames, Rebecca T. Collins, who knew Garrison; Geo. G. Bradford, Geo. R. Tabers, G. W. Fowle, who was in mob with Garrison, Rev. Jesse Harrell.

The invocation was given by Rev. S. J. Comfort, Rev. Jesse Harrell not arriving till later. Mr. Mark R. DeMortie, chairman of the Citizens' committee, presided. The Crescent Male quartet sang very acceptably "The Voice of Peace."

Secretary William M. Trotter of the Suffrage league committee, read letters of regret from William H. Dupree, Rev. Francis H. Rowley, N. P. Hallowell and ex-Gov. J. Q. A. Brackett

Mr. Mark R. DeMortie spoke in part as follows:

The hero of whom we shall speak was born at Newburyport in this state one hundred years ago. At his birth place he was surrounded by such eloquent and influential men as Caleb Cushing, W. D. Northen and Richard S. Spofford, the husband of Harriet Spofford, the authoress, all of them advocating the cause and justness of slavery.

He gathered his little company, and they met in the African Baptist church, Smith court, Joy street, and formed the New England Anti-Slavery society and declared for immediate emancipation. When they adjourned and stepped out in the storm and darkness from the meeting he remarked, "our numbers are few and our influence limited but mark my prediction, Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles we have set forth. We shall shake the nation by their mighty power."

We that are alive today have lived to see his prediction verified. His words and labors not only abolished slavery in the United States but in the West Indies and serfdom in Russia. It was only three years after the issue of this little sheet (holds up Liberator) that slavery was abolished in the West Indies; you will not find in the history of the world where so much was accomplished in so short a time. (Applause.) When you will stop to consider that slavery was only abolished in our neighboring state, New York, in 1827, what a great work William Lloyd Garrison and his apostolic brothers and sisters accomplished in so short a period. God bless them all. I must enumerate some of their names. I do not want those that do not read history to forget, among their number was Arthur and Lewis Tappen, the Lovejoy brothers, Maria and Mary Chapmans, Oliver Johnson, Frances Jackson, Samuel and Samuel J. May, the Hutchinson family, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, Frank Sanborn,

Abby Kelley, Charles C. Burleigh, Charles Lenox Remond, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Julia Ward Howe, William C. Nell, last to name among others is Parker Pillsbury and Wendell Phillips, but they were the peers of them all.

Where shall we look today for the man that will espouse the wrongs of my race; we are outraged and by men in the South today, because we went 200,000 strong to help save the nation from rebeldom. (Applause.) I had hoped for a Moody before the administration found him big enough for a cabinet office. Let us continue to hope and hope on trusting to God to right our wrongs.

It is not my duty to speak but to introduce those that may address you. The committee has seen fit and proper to select me for that duty as I presided at the emancipation meeting that was held January the first, 1863, in Tremont Temple at which the work of William Lloyd Garrison was consummated.

Rev. Charles G. Ames, was the first speaker. He spoke extemporaneously and gave very sober advice saying in part: "When we turned free 4,000,000 ex-slaves it was a good deal like shaking out a ragbag. They have been climbing every day, and they still have a great deal of progress to make. There is still a battle to be waged against the same spirit which made slavery possible. You will get your dues not by appealing to white men to help you, but by helping yourselves. You have got to become self-reliant and self-respecting, and only this kind of appeal will win."

Mr. B. R. Wilson yielded his place on the program to Mrs. Fanny Garrison Villard, who received an ovation. She said: "I know that what my dear father did for the Colored race, all he sacrificed, he has got back. He had a moral uplift and high associates, and I feel that he more than got it back from you by your sincere affection." (Great applause).

Rabbi Charles Fleischer followed. In the course of his address he said:

"In participating in this centenary celebration of a man whom we all delight to honor, let me speak to a text furnished by Garrison himself: 'I claim to be a human rights man.' That was a sentiment to be expected from the universalistic seer, who, in frenzy exclaimed: 'My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind.'

"After all, a specific wrong or injustice is only a local or a particular phase of general wrong or injustice. It means a falling short of ideal standards. Slavery in the United States, oppression of Armenians in Turkey, persecution of Jews in Russia—these are all poison, fruits of the same deadly tree. They all tell the same sad story of the survival of beastliness in man, none the less beastly when it expresses itself in the contempt of refined and 'superior' folks for those whom they think or who actually may be inferior.

"Real superiority proves itself not in hatred and contempt, in an ever-widening spiral of sympathy and love. The more one can include the more human one is. The grown-up man says naturally: 'I think nothing human foreign to me. Even the rights of Russia are dear to me, whose fellow Jews are being treated atrociously by other Russians."

"Fortunately, we may claim today that the sort of man typified in the fine figure of Garrison, the Human Rights Man, is not so rare in our days as he was in those days."

Moorfield Storey, president of the Anti-Imperialist League, who was private secretary to Charles Sumner, said in part:

"This celebration comes at a fortunate hour. We are passing through a reaction against the great principles of freedom and equal rights to advance which Mr. Garrison devoted his life, and we need assured faith. We need to be reminded how much can be accomplished in a good cause by courage, persistence and unwavering devotion against odds which seem to be overwhelming—how certain is the triumph of right.

"Yet with no arms but his pen and his voice, with no funds and without a single subscriber to support his newspaper, Garrison attacked the monstrous wrong, and for a generation urged unrelenting war against it. Poverty and hardship, abuse, execration and contempt, the jail, the mob, and the danger of violent death, never appalled him nor turned him from his purpose.

"It is altogether fitting that we should honor a man of this rare mold.

He deserves all the honor we can pay him, but it is not by eulogies or meetings or statues that we honor him best, but by following his example and showing something at least of his constancy and courage.

"The equal rights of men, which, when he died seemed assured in this country, are again questioned. In many states American citizens are denied the right to vote on account of their color. There and elsewhere they are exposed to lawless violence, are subjected to cruel punishments without trial, are visited with social indignities, are denied the equal opportunity which is the birthright of every man, are taunted with inferiority, while many insist that they are and of right must be forced to remain hewers of wood and drawers of water, incapable of higher things. Let us learn from the example of Garrison to resist with all our might and with untiring persistence the ignorant and un-Christian prejudice which is responsible for those wrongs.

"Our task compared with Garrison's is easy. We have seen slavery overthrown. We have learned that all the strong forces once enlisted in its support were unable to keep 4,000,000 of men as slaves. Can we believe for a moment that any force can keep 10,000,000 of free men down in a country where everything that they can see and everything that they can hear strengthens the impulse to rise, which is planted in the breast of every human being at his birth? Let us persevere in the path which Garrison opened for us until every man in this great country, the world, has an equal opportunity to be and to do whatever his powers permit, unfettered by law and unhampered by prejudice, looking forward to the day when mankind shall rise to his high plane, and we shall all say with him: 'My country is the world. My countrymen are all mankind.'" (Applause.)

Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, ex-attorney-general of this state, spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens: I dislike to make any allusion to race distinctions, which I would ignore and forget if I could, but where are the white men who ought to fill this hall today? Does not the memory of Garrison belong also to them? Do they not know that the emancipation for which he gave his life was more theirs than yours? Where is that fellow citizen of ours who may be described as the white American? Has he forgotten the way to Faneuil Hall? There was a time when he knew it. I came down here last Saturday evening to help save the old frigate Constitution, and I found the hall filled, and the platform covered, with Irishmen. (Laughter.) Coming here today to celebrate Garrison, I find the occasion wholly in the hands of another class of our fellow citizens, who, to say the least, would have great difficulty in tracing their descent from the Pilgrim or the Puritan. (Laughter.) Does not the white man know that any question of liberty is his question? Does he not know that a question of equal rights is more his question than yours, in the proportion of nine or ten to one? Does he not know that his rights are not safe so long as yours are not secure?

But this is not what I came here to say. I wish to make today, if I can, a practical application of Garrison's example.

Garrison was the great agitator. The bronze figure down yonder in Commonwealth avenue is a monument to the power of agitation, the marshalling of the conscience of the country to mould its laws, as Peel called it. It is sometimes said by historians and others who know no better that the abolitionists contributed but little to the downfall of slavery. But Garrison had at work, long before the slave power made the fatal mistake of firing the shot against Sumter, the forces which were to destroy slavery. He saw its weakest point, and he drove straight at it. The slave power always laughed at the political and economic arguments against it. Calhoun the ablest defender of the system, was acute enough to see that slavery could survive only upon the ground that it was right. Garrison put aside all questions of policy or expediency, and demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation because slavery was wrong. Then the slave power knew that he had pierced the joint in its armor. The recoil from Garrison's blow, the blind and furious rage in which the whole slavocracy rose up to demand his suppression and to put a price upon his life, was proof enough that the blow had gone home to the vital part.

Garrison lived to see the constitu-

tional amendments wipe out slavery, raise the black man to the level of citizenship, and clothe him with its rights and privileges. Now, within less than thirty years from his death, the clouds have gathered over the enfranchised race, and there is today a call for a new prophet of freedom. The white south refuses to accept the Negro as a man and a citizen. It is nothing that he poured out his own blood in a hundred battles for the government which now turns its back upon him. All that is forgotten. The moral wave that culminated with the Emancipation Proclamation and the 13th Amendment has subsided.

The public conscience is asleep. The country looks on with indifference while the Negro is stripped not merely of his right to vote but of his right to live as a free man and citizen. He must live by the labor of his hands, and the ballot is the only weapon by which he can defend his right to work on equal terms with others who have it. (Applause.) Take it away and you leave him a slave in fact, if not in law. By this process the black man is being remanded to servitude, and the white man as well, for when the thing is done it puts the whole country under political subjection to the law-defying states. (Applause.) The courts evade the question, congress finds no politics in it, trade, selfish and mercenary now as it always is, encourages it, and the law of the land is set aside, by force or by fraud, for one-ninth of all the citizens of the United States.

The work that Garrison began is not yet done. (Applause.) It must be done by agitation, with fire kindled at the same altar. (Applause.) It must be done by the black man himself. (Applause.) "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." In Garrison's time the Negro was property, without even a tongue of his own. Now he is at least a man, whose right to speak for himself cannot be denied or suppressed. When Garrison began, he had to begin by unmaking the whole public opinion of the time, and the whole body of laws. Now the law is with the persecuted race, and it needs only public opinion to enforce it. Create this public opinion and every politician will bow to it like a reed in the wind.

If the white race has for the time abandoned the Negro to his fate, let him take his own cause into his own hands. They are equal to it. I have read within a few days a pamphlet on this subject, produced wholly by Colored men, in which there is more logic, more philosophy and more statesmanship than the white race, north or south, has developed since the [redacted]constitutional amendments. You have no need to look abroad for leaders. If the Colored race will stand together, sinking all jealousies and differences in a resolute and unceasing demand for the impartial enforcement of the laws, giving the country no rest until there is one rule alike for white and black over every foot of soil, there can be no doubt of the result. (Applause.) It is only a question of courage and endurance. If the demand is irrepressible, it will prove to be irresistible. (Applause.) The people have never failed, in the end, when appealed to on a question of fundamental right. The universal instinct of freedom will respond to the appeal. The whole history of mankind is the history of a struggle for freedom, in which there is no backward step. All the moral forces of the universe, the very stars in their courses, fight on the side of a race striving after its own liberty. In that cause there may be delay and discouragement, but there is no defeat. (Applause.)

Miss Pauline E. Hopkins spoke in part as follows:

I count it this afternoon, the greatest honor that will ever come to me that I am permitted to stand in this historic hall and say one word for the liberties of my race. I thought to myself how dare I, a weak woman, humble in comparison with other people. Yesterday I sat in the old Joy street church and you can imagine my emotions as I remembered my great grandfather begged in England the money that helped the Negro cause, that my grandfather on my father's side, signed the papers with Garrison at Philadelphia. I remembered that at Bunker Hill my ancestors on my maternal side poured out their blood. I am a daughter of the Revolution, you do not acknowledge black daughters of the Revolution, but we are going to take that right.

The conditions which gave birth to so remarkable a reformer and patriot were peculiar. The entire American republic had set itself to do evil, and

its leading forces, wealth, religion and party, joined the popular side and threatened the death of Liberty in the Republic. But the darkest hour was but a herald of the dawn. No great reform was ever projected or patronized by any powerful organization or influential individual at the outset. Reformation always begins in the heart of a solitary individual; some humble man or woman unknown to fame is lifted up to the level of the Almighty's heartbeats where is unfolded to him what presently must be done. Thus it was that after the imposition of the colonization scheme, the issuing of Walker's "Appeal," and his own imprisonment at Baltimore, the poor and obscure Newburyport printer's boy, without reputation, social or political influence, or money, inaugurated the greatest reform of the nineteenth century, and within one year of the first issue of the "Liberator," the entire country knew the name of Garrison. God had heard the prayers of suffering humanity. He said "enough." The hour struck on the horologe of Eternity, and the man was there. Side by side with Martin Luther's "Here I take my stand," is the "I will be heard" of William Lloyd Garrison. (Applause.)

In September, 1834, we are told that the Reformer received the greatest individual help that ever came to him during his life, when he married Miss Eliza Benson, daughter of a venerable philanthropist of Rhode Island, and thereafter woman's subtle, intuitive instinct added another sense to the wonderful powers of this remarkable man. Very shortly after their marriage, this brave woman was called to view the mobbing of her husband by the Boston "Broadcloth Mob." She stepped from a window upon a shed at the moment of his extremest danger, being herself in danger from the rioters. His hat was lost, and brickbats were rained upon his head, while he was hustled along in the direction of the tar-kettle in the next street. The only words that escaped from the white lips of the young wife were: "I think my husband will not deny his principles; I am sure my husband will never deny his principles." The same spirit of encouragement still exists in women. What dangers will not a woman dare for the support and comfort of husband, father or brother? Not so long ago, when a Boston young man of color was hustled and beaten and jailed for upholding free speech and independent thought, he was sustained and comforted by the words of a sister: "Remember, this is not disgrace, but honor. It is for principle—it is for principle."

Mr. Garrison went about his work against slavery with tremendous moral earnestness. At first he advocated gradual emancipation, but after his baptism of injustice in a Baltimore jail his sentiments changed to the startling doctrine of immediate and unconditional emancipation. Gradual emancipation was a popular and inoffensive doctrine, a safe shore from which to view freedom for the Blacks. It is analogous with the startling propaganda of disfranchisement, or gradual enfranchisement after the Afro-American has proved himself fit for the ballot. We remember that history records the broken promises of freedom given by the Southern States to the blacks of Southern regiments in the Revolutionary War. Those men earned their freedom, proved their right to manhood, but at the close of the war were told that, "You have done well, boys, now get home to your masters." The time will never come for the enfranchisement of the black if he depends upon an acknowledgement from the south of his worthiness for the ballot. (Applause.) As if the faithfulness of the black man to this government from the Revolution until this day, the blood freely shed to sustain Republican principles in every war waged against the Republic, the gentle, patient docility with which we have borne every wrong, were not proof of our fitness to enjoy what is right. (Applause.)

Mr. Garrison lived to see his cause triumph in the emancipation of the slave, and died believing that the manhood rights of every citizen of the United States were secured then and forever. But the rise of a younger generation, the influence of an unconquered south, and the acquiescence of an ease-loving north that winks at abuses where commercial relations and manufactures flourish and put money in the purse, have neutralized the effects of the stern policy of these giants of an earlier age.

Great indeed was the battle for the abolition of slavery, but greater far will be the battle for manhood rights.

Let us hope that this timely review of the noble words and deeds of

Garrison and his followers, may rekindle within our breasts the love of liberty. Were Mr. Garrison living in this materialistic age, when the price of manhood is a good dinner, a fine position, a smile of approval and a pat on the back from the man of influence, of a fat endowment, again, would he cry aloud, "The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead."

Here in Faneuil hall, let us vow, as the greatest tribute we can pay to Mr. Garrison's memory, to keep alive the sacred flame of universal liberty in the Republic for all races and classes, by every legitimate means, petitions to individuals, to associations, to foreign governments, to legislatures, to congress, print and circulate literature, and let the voice of the agent and lecturer be constantly heard. Let us swear to be "as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice." And let us bear in mind the beauty of doing all things for the upbuilding of humanity; persecution and intellectual development have broadened us until we can clearly see that if the blacks are downed in the fight for manhood, no individual or race will be safe within our borders. This government has welded all races into one great nation until now, what is good for the individual member of the body politic is good for all, and vice versa. Here where the south and its sympathizers have so strenuously denied the brotherhood of man, by our mixed population, God has proved his declaration, "Of one blood have I made all races of men to dwell upon the whole face of the earth together." This truth Mr. Garrison and his followers freely acknowledged in the beauty and purity of their lives and deeds.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead of the Old South work, said in part:

There is no word of Garrison's quoted so often as that which he put on the front of the Liberator and which is on his statue, and yet that very word is a far more fitting motto of the crusade in behalf of the brotherhood of nations than of the crusade in behalf of emancipation. He said all of the great anti-slavery leaders in England were alive to the necessity of this struggle for the brotherhood of nations. The leaders of these two movements were largely the same men.

Chas. Sumner began his public career with his Fourth of July oration against war, and continued the effort there begun until the end of his life, and fought his life long as hard for peace as for emancipation. Garrison of all the great group was perhaps the most sweeping opponent of war, going the full length of the non-resistant principle, like Tolstoy today, condemning even defensive war, a position not taken by Sumner or Channing. A conquest by force, he said, was no real conquest at all; only by love and reason was genuine conquest possible. His work was for the redemption of the human race; he was bound, he said, by a law which knew no national partitions. One of his last efforts was against our severe exclusion laws against the Chinese. He wished that every custom house on earth might be abolished; ludicrous and mischievous especially were protective laws in behalf of people's priding themselves upon being stronger and more intelligent than their neighbors. He was Mazzini's sympathizing and admiring friend; and today his heart would beat strongly in sympathy with the struggling millions of Russia. The European reformers, Dickens, Harriet Martineau, Bright, Mill, Victor Hugo, were the supporters and inspirers of our anti-slavery reformers, and George Thompson stood fittingly by Garrison's side at Fort Sumter, in 1865, when the old flag rose again, the symbol now of a nation from which slavery had been banished. And yet the work of emancipation is not yet wholly done; crying abuses against the Negro demand redress, while in many parts of the land his elementary political rights are denied him. The Garrison spirit is needed still in the war against slavery. It is needed more in the war against war. In this day of multiplying battleships, and of iterated and reiterated boasts in highest official places that we are a mighty folk, who "don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do!" we need to realize anew the duty of a great nation acting like a gentleman; we need to remember with Garrison that a selfish and bastard patriotism is a mischievous and mournful principle, that we are men before we are Americans, and that our obligations are to all mankind.

Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle of Salem, a noted Congregational minister, said in part:

The Negro race, whatever it once was, is here as an integral part of American citizenship. And it is here not to be reckoned with primarily as a charge, primarily as an issue, but primarily as a body of American citizens, and as an American who expects to exercise his suffrage as an American a few years longer, I refuse to regard my countryman either as a charge, as a problem or as an issue. I propose to regard him as a citizen and as a citizen alone. (Applause.) I think that wise words of advice were the words already spoken by my friend, Mr. Pillsbury, when he said that the Negroes of America must act as a unit. And they must act together and bring the entire wealth of mind and thought and spirit and conscience which the total race possesses to bear upon their own problem of development and advancement. There is a question, however, as to purchasing unity upon a platform upon which the unity is not worth having. (Applause). Believing as I do that the problem of education is a problem for us all, I believe that industrial education is essential to the black man and the white man alike. But I refuse to believe that any portion of American citizens is to be permanently set apart for mere industrial improvement. (Applause.) What is the question, the problem, that is agitating the white race? The industrial question. What is the great terror that is stirring us all? Triumphant, insistent, repressive industrialism. Are you willing that a recently emerged race shall be handed, bound hand and foot, into the arms of the industrial monster? (Great applause.) I say this because I believe that you can never permanently separate in this land the black man from his citizenship. Why do we have demonstrative exhibitions like this here? We have them because we have the monstrous spectacle of a race practically submerged and deprived of its national citizenship, condemned to involuntary servitude in America.

Now, my dear friends, to me it is a perfectly natural development of this condition that the theory widely embraced south and north that the Negro race needs primarily to be fitted for industrial occupation should receive the endowment of a conspicuous figure in **an industrial trust.** (Great applause.) I want to say to you this afternoon that if I were a Negro as I am a white man; if I were with you in the traditions which belong to the Negro **race, I would spurn any platform of unity that first had to spurn the Constitution of the United States.** (Great applause.) The denominational organ of that to whch I belong said the other day that the days of the radicals were over, and I suppose in some sense that is true. But let us at least remember that it does not lie in the power of any man or any set of men permanently to hold down the truth in unrighteousness. And I simply came this afternoon to bid you Godspeed on the line for which Garrison stood. And let me say to you that in spite of all I may seem to have implied by what I have said, make no mistakes. You will have to advance industrially. I am sorry for any man, white or black, who does not know the use of his hands. But I want to say, while you advance, God help your race, as God only apparently can help any race, **as long as it sticks by the monstrous degrading maxim, "Get money in the bank."** (Wild applause). I will say to you what we must do is to hark back to the primary platform which is embodied in the United States Constitution. And when we have made citizenship mean what it is supposed to mean in every part of this land you will not need the endowment of any millionaire to set your schools in motion, because free men build their own schools and educate their own children, themselves.

This statement was hailed with enthusiastic and instant approval. The applause as Rev. Dr. Berle finished was deafening. The audience went wild with delight over his assertions as to the terms of race unity and as to industrialism. A. M. Howe, Esq., an eminent Boston lawyer and reformer, rose at the back of the platform and shouting in a loud voice, "Thank God for a self-respecting man," led three cheers for Berle, which were given with a will by the audience.

Mr. Reed said in part:

The stirring events in connection with this celebration have prompted this query in my mind: What would

Garrison do if he was again among us? Could he but see the gradual nullification of his life's work, the reenslavement and disfranchisement of a portion of the race he labored so hard to free; could he but come to Boston, the scene of his early struggles and final triumphs; could he but see here, as I have seen, men and women, some of the best in the land, because of their color turned away in the night and the cold from public inns; refused admittance or herded in theatre and other places of a public nature, ignored and ridiculed, denied even a fair chance to secure food and raiment—could Garrison see these conditions as they confront you and me today, I believe that he would start another "Liberator."

Its initial number would contain a message to both races. To his own race he would say: "You have been false to the trust I gave you," and I think he would say, too, that "When a people's liberty is in jeopardy there is something more potent needed than kind words and sympathy." To my own race I can hear him repeating: "Be United," "Fear God, then disregard all other fears."

If ever Boston needed another Garrison it is now. We need one to warm the hearts of the thousands who in the mad fight for gold have left poor humanity to suffer in the cold. We need a Garrison at the head of some of our great dailies to speak out boldly and in uncompromising language against the wrongs heaped upon us.

If we had more Garrisons at the head of some of our mercantile firms the Colored boys and girls with merit, seeking positions there, would not be turned away with the cold answer, "No Negro need apply."

I am not pessimistic nor do I for a moment forget the shortcomings of my own race. It is with us that the real evil lies and it is with us that the remedy must be sought. "Who would be free himself must strike the blow."

Kossuth, the famous Hungarian leader, himself an exile for freedom's sake, speaking in Faneuil Hall a half-century ago, sounded a keynote which we may with profit apply. Said he: "Freedom never was given to a nation as a gift, but only as a reward bravely earned by own exertions, own sacrifices and own toils."

William Lloyd Garrison, typifying as he did in a sense the life of the lowly Nazarene, suffered and endured much that the slave might be free and now as men and women how much more ought we to sacrifice that his work shall endure.

Prof. A. B. Hart of Harvard University said in part:

We have heard a great deal today about the future and about the present, and it is right to weave the future into the present. But as I came into this hall something else had come into my mind. It is the figure of a man whom I never saw, yet whom all of us have seen, the personality of that great character whose 100th birthday we have come here to celebrate. One hundred years ago today that man first saw the light. Seventy years ago today, almost to a day, a public meeting was held in this hall, presided over by the then mayor of Boston, to protest against William Lloyd Garrison. And at that meeting Peter Chandler pointed to this picture of Washington as a slave-holder, forgetting that that slave-holder by his last will did what he could to repair the wrong that had been done to those people who had served him, by setting them free. In that meeting, Otis criticised the abolitionists as a set of incendiaries.

How is it that that man has exercised such a mighty influence upon his country and has come to be one of the acknowledged masters in our great republic? Mr. Garrison saw what other people failed to see—that the truth should make you free. (Applause.) The whole basis of Mr. Garrison's power was not that he could create a situation, not that it was in his power to set free the slaves, but that they were by nature free. And what he set out to do and what he succeeded in doing was simply to call the attention of his countrymen to the truth which lay before them all—a truth so mighty that it burst the bonds in which men had attempted to envelop it. Furthermore, Mr. Garrison stood for a principle for which every man, woman and child in America owes him thanks on this, his 100th birthday, namely, the principle that there is no offence to anybody in telling the truth and in telling it in public.

Among the arguments put forth at that time was that on one side the

Negro race was a poor, weak, servile race, and that on the other side it was a race so strong and powerful that you could not whisper in the hearing of a slave that he ought to be free without deluging the country in blood and breaking up the whole institution itself. That contradiction was carefully expressed by Mr. Garrison. If the Negro was poor and weak, where was the danger from him? If he was strong and powerful, where was the right that he should be held a slave?

This man, so strong, was after all a man of kindness, of simplicity of heart. He not only hated the sinner and the oppressor, but he loved the oppressed.

The world is advanced by the man of one idea, the men who have the strength and power to fill their minds with one subject. I feel, therefore, grateful today for Mr. Garrison, not because he was always right, because if Mr. Garrison and his friends were always right, then my father and grandfather were often wrong. (Laughter). I am willing to divide the responsibility. Not because he was always just; he was often hard and terrible. But because he had in him such a belief in the rightfulness of his cause that he must speak and the people before him must listen to him. I admire Mr. Garrison; I am proud to appear here today upon this anniversary because he justified what he said of himself. "I have flattered no man."

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, upon whose head the south once put a price, said in part:

I met Mr. Garrison under peculiar circumstances. He was brought to our house in Jersey City when I was about twelve years old by my father to spend the night, because it was thought unsafe for him to remain in New York. I remember him as a man thirty-two years of age.

Garrison did not believe in using physical force, nor military force, nor political force. He stood where Tolstoi stood, but he believed in telling the truth and relying solely upon the truth. The people of the south were driven to the question of confederacy, and then came on Lincoln. And Lincoln did not dare to issue his Emancipation Proclamation until several years of war had so warped the brains of the people of the north that he was able to take this step. But there never would have been an Emancipation Proclamation, there never would have been a Lincoln if there had not been a Garrison. (Applause.)

You heard that beautiful intelligent speech of a Colored lady, Miss Hopkins. She never could have made that speech if Mr. Garrison had not made it possible for her to do so. He advocated liberty for woman as well as man. The greatest work that Mr. Garrison did, in my opinion, was not in emancipating the Negro slave, but it was in establishing the equality of women. You will never have a free country until its government rests upon the suffrage of women as well as man. You may say what you please and preach what you please, but you will be permanently in warfare until you put the ballot in the hands of woman. Let me tell you that the Colored women are as much citizens as the Colored men, and they need the ballot far more than the men, for the Colored women of the south are subjected to insults and injustice far more than the men. (Applause.)

Mr. Garrison went over to London to the anti-slavery convention, and the women were denied a seat there; he would not sit in that convention but took a seat in the gallery with the women. I want to say that Mr. Garrison has made a beginning—that has already borne fruit. While it is true that chattel slavery is abolished, it is also true that about forty thousand square miles of American soil is living under woman suffrage. The women sent eight senators to the Congress of the United States and nine representatives. And now I appeal to this Suffrage League. Gentlemen, let your league stand for suffrage for women as well as for men. Do not forget that one-half the oppressed people in this land are women and their rights must be maintained as well as the men's. Let us remember that this question of liberty which was Garrison's is the most important of all questions; for as Emerson said, "Of what value is land or life, if freedom fail?"

Mr. Edward H. Clement, editor of the Boston Transcript, said in part:

There is plenty of opportunity and plenty of call for the "hard language" which Garrison admitted he was accustomed to use because "he had not

been able to find a soft word to describe villainy or to identify the perpetrator of it." Even as regards his specialty of rescuing the Negro from oppression almost everything remains to be done over large sections of our country,—indeed in our own community as well, in the social prejudices of cold hearts and narrow minds. As the Negro rises the force of gravitation of the baser habits of thought of the average masses pulls the harder against him. At the hour when he had barely risen out of slavery we were establishing his citizenship and his equality in rights in the Constitution and the statutes. Today the civil rights are waste paper and the repeal of his guarantees of citizenhood in the Constitution is openly agitated. Is there not as much reason for us as for Garrison to dedicate ourselves as he did to trust in God with the defiant faith:—"We may be personally defeated but our principles never." Is there not as much necessity to cry that we will not equivocate, that we will not yield an inch, and that we will be heard? Shall we not rise to this conception of duty that the obligation to do a righteous act is not at all dependent on the question whether we shall succeed in carrying the multitude with us?

"My only point is that we have no business with his glory today if we have none of his spirit. If we are proud and grateful on his birthday that such an American was produced by our state and city, I say, let us express our sense of this great man we honor in more than lip-service. If we see around us 'men wearing their chains in a cowardly and servile spirit,' as he described the conservatism of his day, let us as advocates of peace, avow, as he did, that 'we would much rather see them breaking the head of the tyrant with their chains,' whether the tyranny be embodied in the benighted and belated Negrophobia of the south, or in the bossism of northern municipal corruption, or in the monopolies of capitalized privilege by grace of bought legislation, or in the zeal of religious darkness and bigotry. The only way to estimate the true greatness of Garrison is to reflect that the opportunity for his career is never wanting, never has been, and, till the millennium, never will be, and yet his triumph remains unique—unparalleled in starting as small as was Garrison's beginning and ending as stupendous—with the whole of the material and moral and financial resources of the nation practically arrayed under his standard against his selected object of destruction. The elements of his problem are never absent. These elements are entrenched wrong, the vested interests which thrive upon it, the cold-blooded indifference of those whose withers are unwrung, the timidity and selfishness of all who dread disturbance of established order, the fear of ridicule for the unpopular minority—the consequent inertia of the mass, most terrible of all resistance to overcome. But there is no use to pursue the threadbare story now. The thing for us to think of here today is that the opportunity and the call for martyrdom is the same today as then, for you and me as for him. The question up to us is, Where is the hero of the hour? Who are they that are doing in our day the same sort of pioneering, with the same sacrifices and stripes, that Garrison did? Let us beware, as we join in the execration of some agitator who is called a dangerous disturber, a low fellow to be got rid of and silenced somehow, lest we be running with a 'broadcloth mob' again, and stoning a prophet unawares."

Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, personal friend of Mr. Garrison, said:

Friends of Universal Liberty:

Standing on this platform, trodden by five generations of Adamses and Quincys, by Phillips, by Lafayette, by Kossuth and by Garrison himself many times, I find myself, as they did, before an audience friendly to freedom. Not your freedom, merely, and my freedom, not the freedom of Anglo-Saxons and Irishmen and Frenchmen and Hungarians alone, not apologists for a miserable patchwork right of self-government, spotted white here, swarthy there, yellow in another patch, according to the whim of some self-styled "superior race," but advocates of the reasonable liberty of all races to govern themselves without the "benevolent assimilation" extended by destructive warfare to the swarthy Boers of the Transvaal and the brown allies of our armies in the Filipino satrapy of our misguided Republic. But among the many lifelong services rendered to liberty by the friend whose anniversary we commemorate, I shall speak only of one

line of his ceaseless activity, his career as journalist of freedom.

Garrison was neither for "Our country right or wrong," nor for the dear people, right or wrong. He was for keeping the people right, and if they went wrong, giving them to understand where they were wrong; and he had great skill in making himself understood. (Laughter.)

Indeed he was well equipped for a journalist. In the first place he had learned to print, as our best journalists have often done, from Ben Franklin till now, and not seldom he "set up" his articles without writing them down —a practice that favors conciseness and point, just as the opposite habit of dictating to a stenographer favors diffuseness and lack of point. Then he was an omnivorous reader, as most good writers have been, and could express himself with facility either in prose or verse. Best of all, he had a great cause to hold him to the point and not suffer him to fritter himself away in miscellaneous interests, as too many good writers do. To be sure, he allowed his zeal for righteousness, which in New England is apt to take the form of self-righteousness, to lead him into many specific reforms, akin to anti-slavery by a sort of affinity, but not of necessity connected with it,— peace, temperance, non-resistance, land reform, woman suffrage, anti-sectarian religion. But this did not so much vitiate his style as disaffect his own friends. They objected, too, to his harshness of language, in which he shared the peculiarities of American journalists of the decades from 1830 to 1850.

He shared with Horace Greeley and other contemporary journalists the error that strong epithets added to the force of an argument, and might attone for possible defects in logic His opponents and Greeley's had the same idea, and one of them, Colonel Webb of the New York Courier and Enquirer, said of the abolitionists of 1836:

"They are a poor, miserable set of drivelling dastards, who always run into the shavings, like William Lloyd Garrison, when their own poor pates are in danger."

To be sure, Garrison had before this called Colonel Webb **"the cowardly ruffian, who conducts the 'Courier and Enquirer,' and had styled another editor "the miserable liar and murderous hypocrite of the New York Commercial Advertiser."**

And about the same time (1833) he denounced Henry Clay, and other southern advocates of Negro colonization in these vehement terms:

"Ye crafty calculators! ye hard-hearted, incorrigible sinners! ye greedy and relentless robbers! ye contemners of justice and mercy! Ye trembling, pitiful, palefaced usurpers, my soul spurns you with unspeakable disgust. (Laughter).

In spite of this Old Testament dialect of denunciation, which he never quite unlearned, though he moderated it sensibly in the later years of his newspaper, Garrison made the "Liberator" a model among weekly newspapers in several respects, and it has now become an invaluable historical work for reference. He practised what he preached, and allowed his opponents to speak of him in his own paper as sharply as they chose.

His own articles were sometimes open to the objection which he once brought against those of his friend and converter, Benjamin Lundy:

"His style of writing was brisk, sarcastic, fearless, witty, vigorous—at times rising to eloquence and sublimity, but frequently careless and inelegant. Like almost every conductor of a public press, he was compelled to write his articles in haste, with little or no time for revision."

Both as journalist and public speaker, however, Garrison was seldom unprepared. It was a natural result of the strenuous and watchful life he led for so many years that he was never off his guard. His capacious memory, his flow of language, his quickness of perception and analysis, made up for any defect of logic he might have. In reasoning indeed his premises were few and his conclusions were foreordained.

Garrison was so grounded in justice that his own vehemence could seldom blind his eyes to the truth, though it might lead him into a false position. He had courage, veracity, and clearness of mind; he was free from avarice, meanness, and excessive ambition, and these are traits of a good journalist. Like Greeley and some other great journalists, he sometimes allowed his personality to get in his straightforward way; he had not the modesty that makes the cause everything, the person nothing. But

even this slight defect may have been essential to the post he held so long and so bravely. The captain who heads a forlorn hope, the pilot who is to weather the storm must not think meanly of themselves.

Garrison, like Phillips and John Brown, was fitted and weaponed for the work assigned him.

Mr. Walter Allen, who had been present, editor on the Boston Herald, was unable to speak, and his letter was read by Secretary Trotter.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 9, 1905.

William Trotter, Esq.,
Secretary of the Boston Suffrage league:

Dear Sir—When you personally brought to me sometime ago an invitation to be one of the speakers at the Garrison centennial memorial meeting in Faneuil Hall, in the afternoon of Monday, Dec. 11, I promptly said to you that the condition of my health required me to decline making public addresses. I desire now more formally to acknowledge the honorable courtesy of the Boston Suffrage league, and to express my regret that I am prevented from undertaking a service which it would be my joy and pride to attempt, if it were prudent.

To be thus associated, even by an humble performance, with the great name and fame of William Lloyd Garrison would gratify my sense of obligation. When I was a boy I was a reader of the Liberator, and a frequent attendant at meetings of the Abolitionists. I heard Mr. Garrison speak on two or three occasions. He had a share in forming my early opinions, was, indeed, one of my educators whose influence abides. If through a long service as a writer for newspapers, I have preserved, as I trust I have, a sincere purpose to speak the truth with courage in all matters affecting liberty and human rights, it is due in large part to the example of his absolute obedience to the heavenly vision.

The first words I heard from Garrison's lips, the opening sentences of an address delivered at a meeting of the Anti-slavery society in anniversary week, about 1856, were, as my memory recalls them, these: "Some persons say they are abolitionists, but are not Garrisonian abolitionists. I am a Garrisonian abolitionist and expect to be one as long as I live." When our young David challenged the Goliath of slavery, learned men, pious men, men having a stake in the country, cried out against his temerity. He was mad; he was impious; he was a traitor; he had a devil. Besides, he was obscure, unschooled, egotistical and dangerous. They did not, and could not, apprehend the compelling soul of the journeyman printer.

These blind judgments have had abundant, echoing rehearsals in mistaken souls. Always there are those who fancy they can give God lessons in making history. Today wiseacres tell us how the American conscience —"drunk with cotton and the New York Observer," as Phillips said: would surely have destroyed slavery if there had been no Garrison. They demonstrate to their own contentment that he was an obstacle to emancipation—as if the Almighty did not know what he was about when he let the Liberator be established. The useless diversion of ex post facto reformers is to invent gentler means of overthrowing tyranny than the plagues of Egypt, the dagger of Brutus, the decapitation of Charles, the American Revolution, the French terror, the anti-slavery agitation, and the Russian strikes. Let us with saner modesty accept the thing that is apparent—the mountain which old earthquakes lifted into the sky, the hero-prophet who cried aloud for righteousness in a perverse and wicked generation, who would not retreat and who would be heard.

Garrison was the morning star, forerunner of Lincoln, the glorious sun of emancipation. Phillips said of Lincoln that he went up to God with four million broken shackles in his hands. Honest Abe must have acknowledged, what the Lord well knew, that they were not his trophies only, but Garrison's also.

Respectfully yours,
WALTER ALLEN.

Mr. Bradford, formerly a trustee of Atlanta university said in part: It was given to Garrison to be in his day and generation one of the chief instruments under God to abolish human slavery. It is given to us in our day and generation to perfect the work of emancipation by assuring to the freedmen the fullest enjoyment of the rights, privileges and responsibilities of citizenship. It may not be

given to any of us to be a Garrison, but it is given to each of us to do, in his humble way, the duty that lies at his hand with his courage, resolution and unselfishness.

In looking to Garrison for inspiration, we must look always to the man rather than to his methods, we must remember that his great influence was due to the power of his personality, rather than to any method employed.

If we would prove ourselves worthy followers of Garrison, if we would perfect the work he began we must prove ourselves likewise fearless and resolute self-sacrificing men of action.

As illustration of the sort of action which in my judgment worthily expresses the Garrison love of liberty and makes for freedom, I want to take up your time a moment by referring to one or two incidents familiar to most of you.

Once a citizen of Boston was denied by the school authorities the right to send his children to a public school to which he wished to send them. By sheer force of a dogged determination to have that which he believed was his right under the law, he compelled the school authorities to admit his children to the desired school. He thereby not only served himself but served the community by his example of sturdy independent citizenship.

There fled to Massachusetts a fugitive from the injustice of a southern state. The Colored men of Massachusetts rallied in his defence and resisted by every legal means in their power his extradition. They failed in their immediate object. The fugitive was returned south, but the resolute concerted action on the part of the Colored people of Massachusetts was notice to the community at large that the Colored men of Massachusetts were united in a steadfast purpose to protect the individual members of their race from oppression and injustice.

An attempt was made in western Massachusetts to establish separate public schools for white and Colored children. Again the Colored men of Massachusetts, chiefly men of Boston united to resist the attempt. This time their action was successful.

Looking to other cities we find other men of action striving mightly, Hart of Washington, striking an effective blow at the jim crow car law; Morris of Chicago, scoring another against the jim crow restaurant. While more encouraging of all came, some time back, word that the Colored citizens of Jacksonville, men, women and children, had banded together and effectively boycotted the jim crow cars of that city and that a similar concerted movement was literally on foot in two towns in Texas. With such civic virtue, such sturdy spirit of independence, there can be no question of the ultimate result.

Mr. Bradford closed by saying he believed the customs of prejudice will be forced from their places by the new vigorous civic virtue that is organizing in our midst like the clinging oak leaves are by the fresh leaf-bud in spring.

The Crescent male quartette, composed of Messrs. C. A. E. Cuffee, Jas. E. Lee, Wm. H. Richardson and Dr. I. L. Roberts sang well "Lead Kindly Light." The Mendelssohn quartette, composed of Mrs. Carrie Bland Sheler, Mrs. J. Patterson Rollins, Mr. T. Wilcott Swan, Mrs. B. J. Ray, accompanist, sang sweetly, "To Thee, O Country."

While the collection was being taken up, Mr. John W. Hutchinson sang one of his anti-slavery songs.

At the close of the meeting, Mr. Nathaniel Butler, an aged man, who worked in the Liberator office, and Mrs. Hudson, who was a fugitive slave under the name of "Betsey Blakely," were introduced to the audience.

EVENING SESSION, 7.30 O'CLOCK

The closing session of the Citizens' two days' celebration came at 7.30 Monday night at Faneuil Hall, and it was a fitting climax to the other great sessions, made so by the memorable and inspired oration by Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom and by an audience that filled well nigh every crevice in the great Faneuil Hall.

It was preceded by a short parade over the route over which the "Broadcloth" mob of 1835 dragged the body of the great Abolitionist. Company L, 6th regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, led by the Chief Marshal, Capt. George W. Braxton came from the armory through Scollay square, followed by the Robert Gould Shaw Veterans where members of Robert A. Bell Post 134, members of the committee and other citizens, men, women and children, fell in line and marched down Court street, into State, into Devonshire, to Faneuil Hall, Company L presenting arms as the rest marched into the hall amid great applause. Company L then filed into the gallery and took the front row of seats on the right side, being liberally applauded.

Meantime the large Commonwealth Band, Mr. William A. Smith, leader, composed of Colored musicians was rendering a most excellent concert, the pieces being: March, Fanfanie, Von Suppe; waltz, La Bacarolle, Waldteufel; Overture, Lustspiel, Kela-Bela; excerpts from "Woodland," Luders.

At 8 o'clock Mr. Joshua A. Crawford, chairman of the Centenary committee of the Boston Suffrage League, opened the meeting. After a fervent prayer by Rev. M. L. Harvey, pastor of the Morning Star Baptist church, he spoke in part as follows:

The name of Garrison has always awakened in us the deepest feeling of gratitude and affection. He labored to the end that we might enjoy the privileges and freedom we esteem so highly today.

His life makes one of those marvelous chapters in the history of our country that excites the wonder and admiration of the civilized world. A high priest in the cathedral of liberty and freedom, he raised the cross of a new crusade and bore it triumphantly through opposing hosts to the Mecca of equal rights and freedom to all men.

To confirm the freedom his efforts secured, to protect the citizenship they conferred, to protest against every wrong, to agitate for and demand all of our rights wherever the flag of our country flies, is our solemn duty and dearest hope.

It has been our constant effort to prove that he did not labor in vain. We have been ever mindful of the fact that we are in the midst of a great moving, pushing, breathing civilization and we are moving on, pushing on and battling on with it, asking nothing but those rights and privileges that are freely given to all other loyal and patriotic sons and daughters of the Republic.

No other age, no other civilization, no other people have placed so many milestones along the turnpike of human progress in so short a while as this, our own people.

We need not be discouraged. So long as the men, women and children of our race of all walks of life, as they are represented in this effort, are willing to lay aside all things to do homage to the memory of one who did so much for them, the time will yet come when we may say in truth, that the sun in his journey shines over no people more free, more happy or more prosperous than this our own people.

Rev. W. H. Scott, president of the Boston Suffrage League was then introduced. He said in part:

We are here today to honor a man who has done much for mankind. Wm. Lloyd Garrison was one of the greatest champions of freedom. He knew no creed, race nor nationality, but man. Garrison was a man destined to be a leader among men; he was a

man who could not be bullied nor cajoled. We are more than glad that the Garrisonian spirit has been revived, in these days when northern minions and southern rapers of the constitution, are telling the Negroes to wait and learn how to vote and when they shall have become rich and millionaires, then, and not until then, shall they have the right to vote. Mr. Garrison was a man who made no compromises of surrendering manhood. They wanted him to let the question of slavery alone; because he had no right to disturb the conditions which were accepted; that it was mere foolishness that he could expect to do anything for the slave, even the scholarly and learned Edward Everett thought that Garrison and his followers ought to be suppressed by the state and nation. But Garrison was firm—"I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch. And I will be heard." These words tell what the man was. Others might have doubts but Garrison never; others might say it is impossible to overthrow that which was intrenched in state and nation. The thousands of spindles of Lowell and Lawrence were fed by the unrequited toil of the half-starved and brutalized slave of the south. What did the "Broadcloth" mob care for the cries and woes of the Negroes so long as their pockets were being filled with gold? They justified themselves by saying he is better off than if he were in Africa. So does the robber say that the man or woman whom he has robbed that he should be glad that he had escaped with his life. Mr. Garrison was too much for the slave oligarchy. He knew no master but God. He believed in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He heard the cry of Kossuth for the Hungarian, the cry of the starving Irishman, he heard the cry when Greece was pleading for her rights, he heard the cry when the Quaker was helping the poor Indian. He loved man because man was God's noblest creation. Mr. Garrison started a paper Jan. 1, 1831, which was to voice the sentiments th. were to ultimately triumph over this monster. Two years later he started the anti-slavery society in Philadelphia. He was the sun in this solar system around which all was to revolve. The northern dough-faces trembled before him just as Felix before Paul when he "reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come."

What a blessed day was the 10th of Dec. 1805. when it was announced that a man-child was born. We hail the day with thanksgiving and gladness. Let the ten millions of Negroes tell their children and their children's children about the man and the day. We hail him as the deliverer of the United States of America, both black and white, for every slave had one white man chained to him. Let all races, peoples and nations rejoice with us for this man whom God has given to the world.

. Rev. Scott declared the Boston Suffrage league was organized to secure the ballot and would not disband until Colored Americans could vote as freely in Mississippi as in Massachusetts. (Applause.)

Chairman Scott then called upon the secretary of the Boston Suffrage League's committee, Wm. M. Trotter, who read letters from Maj. Wesley J. Furlong, Mr. Louis A. Fisher, who sang at Mr. Garrison's funeral, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Geo. V. Leverett, Esq., Maj. Chas. P. Bowditch, Mr. A. A. Estabrook, the Wendell Phillips Club, Wendell Phillips Garrison, Joseph K. Hayes, Jr., and Secretary Loeb, replying to the invitation that was extended to President Roosevelt and regretting on behalf of the President that official business would make it impossible for him to attend, and from Gov. Douglas.

Mme. Nellie Brown Mitchell, wife of Capt. Charles L. Mitchell, and one of the singers at the funeral of Mr. Garrison, sang Kipling's Recessional, accompanied on the piano by Miss Georgine Glover, and responded to the encore demanded with "Face to Face" most feelingly and sweetly rendered.

At this juncture, the venerable anti-slavery singer, Mr. John W. Hutchinson, entered with his wife and son and was given an ovation that lasted several minutes.

Next came the Centennial Ode, a beautiful poem composed for the occasion by Mr. W. S. Braithwaite, Boston's talented poet, and read by the author.

"THE LIBERATOR."

I.

'Twas nineteen hundred fateful years ago
A slim young Syrian girl fulfilled the Word,
And saw in dreams across the windless snow
The years acclaim the Baby's voice she heard.
The world enfranchised from the bond of sin
In dear remembrance keeps a festival;
Wherever man may be in hut or hall
The spirit of this season enters in.
O, little Child, who smiled on Mary's knee
Why do the Nations bow and worship Thee?
The world is yet a place of wrongs and woes—
And Faith and Doubt in conflict still oppose.
O, questioning Time, Man's soul will answer three:
Christ died to make men free!

II.

One hundred stirring years ago today
There grew the mystery of another birth.
God heard the supplicating bondmen pray
And sent another saviour to the earth.
He grew a dreaming boy among his hills
And wondered at the freedom Nature gave
To winds and clouds and the far echoing wave;
But his heart sorrowed at his brother's ills,
Whose souls of a diviner essence made
Was yet less free than soulless beast or bird.
He saw a vision in his humble trade,
And his soul heard God speak the deathless word;
And all his thoughts and deeds became
A fiery flame
To burn the tyranny
And set men free!
The young republic from the wrecks of war
Arose self-destined to protect the sovereign man.
"We stared affixed as the bright polar star
For human rights," the Constitution ran.
And far away across the surging seas
The suffering hordes of Europe dreamed of peace
And set their visions westward, where the States
Threw open wide the portals of their gates
And cried to all the world: "Come in, come in,
Ye who are trodden by the feet of kings,
Ye who are grievously taxed, but cannot win
A voice in your own country's councillings;
Come hither where your hire is your tool,
Where no man's bond—where all may reign and rule."
The old world listened at the strange new song
Of freedom, beyond the sunset in the sea—
While east and west the plying slavers flee—
And only God and one man knew the thing was wrong.
And so he strove with brave, indignant speech:—
A John the Baptist in the wilderness.
He saw the ideal freedom out of reach
Till twice two million slaves could rise and bless
Their nation's flag. And so the conscienceless
Soul of his own country he sought to sting
To a self-realization of its shame,
While the worst of Rome and Egypt in its midst was flourishing.
He won a few disciples to his cause
Who preached the fiery gospel of his word—
Sublimely indifferent to the laws,
Until the indicted people stopped and heard.
"What prophet is this come out of Galilee
To set a people free
And make as sifting sands the foundations of the free?"
So grew the angry cry
Of passions mounting high.
And they smote him for the truth of their own iniquity.

III.

Yea, they mobbed him and derided.
Called him traitor and a madman—
Yea, the State and Church decided
Him a radical and bad man:
But he put his trust in God and saw
the right,
And kept his great unswerving purpose to the end.
The end!—When the will of God did
smite,
And set the house against itself to succor and defend!
From the most northern hamlet up in
Maine
That lay among the woods, echoing
the calling sea,
And traveling like the sound of windy
rain
Southward where the Gulf winds
shake the Palmetto tree,
And westward to the golden fields of
hope
Where some lone miner digs the alluring slope
Arose the sounds of war.
The billowing armies rolling from afar
Of every corner of each Northern state
Went into battle to preserve the
Union's fate.
And so two years the thunder rolled
and broke,
And Lincoln's cause seemed lost,
Till our great hero's voice rose up and
spoke
Above the din of guns and sabres
crossed:
"Unyoke the bondmen if ye hope to
save
The Union from an ignoble grave."

IV.

The great Commander listened, and
the war became
A crusade in his name:
And Farragut and Grant and Sheridan,
And that white-souled, angel-boy
Robert Shaw
Who led such troops none ever led before,
Went forth as his apostles to the van,
And fought their battles for the rights
of man,
And thereby saved the Union.
At last when down beneath the horizon
The blood-smoked clouds of battle rolled away,
And Grant had clasped in peace the
hand of Lee,
Because Garrison had dared to do and
say
Four million slaves stood free!

V.

How shall we name him now, this
holiest man?
Whose memory we gather to revere?
Has ever unerring Nature in her plan
So wrought his likeness on this troubled sphere?
One with Mazzini, but of larger mould,
One with Garibaldi, yet more bold,
One with Cavour, without self-seeking
greed,
One with Kossuth, but wider in his
creed,
One with Cromwell, yet more simply
wrought,
Franker in act and sublimer in thought
One with Kosciusko, but greater than
the Pole
Because he saw the Universal Race
within the soul.
One alone in perfect nature, heart and
soul and mind,
He stands with Christ, the perfect lover
of Mankind.

Mr. Charles H. Taylor then read with magnificent effect the salutatory of The Liberator. This was followed by a solo sung by Miss Genevieve Lee with much charm and expression and the audience called insistently for an encore, to which she responded with a gracious bow, as the time was passing. The song was "Grass and Roses," Miss Bertha Bauman on the piano and Mr. A. Portuando on the violin.

Capt. Charles L. Mitchell, now 76 years old, who was a compositor on Mr. Garrison's paper, the Liberator, and who was an officer of the 55th Mass. Regiment, stepped forward and read the following address:

"The boon of a noble human life cannot be appropriated by any single nation or race. It is a part of the commonwealth of the world,—a treasure, a guide and an inspiration." How appropriate is this aphorism in its application to the life and character of William Lloyd Garrison! During the years of his earthly activity, he left an indelible impress for good in the community in which he lived. His kindness of heart, his sympathetic nature, his strong friendship, his magnetic personality, his quick perception, his untiring energy and his unselfish devotion to duty will ever remain as a treasure, a guide and an inspiration.

In the activities of life it seemed as if he was animated by a single thought,

duty, and supplementing this thought by the energy of his activity, he threw into the cause of anti-slavery all of the moral and religious enthusiasm of his heroic nature.

My acquaintance with Mr. Garrison dates back to the year 1853, fifty-two years ago, when I came to Boston from Hartford, Conn., and applied to the Liberator office, then located at 21 Cornhill, for a position as compositor. During the time that I was employed on the Liberator, I know of no one whose friendship and esteem I value so highly as that of Mr. Garrison's. He was always cheerful and hopeful even in the darkest hours. His faith in the goodness of his cause and in the overruling Providence of God was so absolute that he was calm and cheerful alike under clear or cloudy skies.

As a type setter, I found Mr. Garrison one of the most rapid and correct compositors that I ever met, and many of the editorials in the Liberator were set up by him at the case without having first been written out on paper. Mr. Garrison's presence in the printing office was like sunshine in a shady place. The many annoyances almost inevitable in a printing office never disturbed his serenity. An excellent printer and careful proof-reader, he took great pride in the make-up and typographical accuracy of the Liberator, and often made-up and corrected the forms with his own hands. On the evening preceding publication day he would frequently insist on the printers going home while he remained until a late hour to prepare the forms for the press. In very many ways his sweet and gracious spirit, and his thoughtfulness for others, were made manifest, and thus it was that he endeared himself to all.

I am reminded that over twenty-six years have passed since Mr. Garrison's death, and that the following persons served as pall-bearers at the funeral: Wendell Phillips, Samuel May, Samuel E. Sewell, Robert F. Wolcott, Theodore T. Weld, Oliver Johnson, Lewis Hayden and Charles L. Mitchell, of whom I am the only survivor. The closing exercises of the funeral took place at the Forest Hills cemetery, Wednesday, May 28th. It was a perfect spring afternoon. The air was fragrant with budding blossoms, when just as the sun was sinking in the western horizon, reflecting back its serene beauty upon the scene, seemingly a parting benediction of Heaven's approving smile upon the life work of William Lloyd Garrison, that the pall bearers tenderly lowered all that was mortal of the great anti-slavery leader into the grave, whilst the quartette rendered the beautiful selection, with words commencing, "I cannot always trace the way. But this I know that God is Love."

At the close of Mr. Mitchell's address the chairman said that like Chairman DeMortie at the afternoon session, following the old custom at anti-slavery meetings, he would have a collection lifted for the cause of freedom, meanwhile the band played.

Then came the climax and the sensation of the meeting, indeed of the whole celebration, the oration by Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom. Of it the Boston Transcript said in its news reports: "It was an address by a Negro orator—a fitting close to the two-day celebration of the William Lloyd Garrison centenary—that stirred a crowded audience of Negro men and women in Faneuil Hall last evening as no white speaker has been able to stir them throughout the whole series of Garrison addresses at previous meetings yesterday and on Sunday. They cheered, they shouted, they threw their handkerchiefs and hats into the air. They were for a few minutes in a tumult of enthusiasm and fervor, and Rev. W. H. Scott, who was presiding, had to call on the band to aid him in restoring order. The speaker was Rev. Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom of the Charles Street A. M. E. church. Like the other speakers he had reviewed their escape from the oppression of the past, but he told them frankly of the oppression of the present, and aroused their fervor by his own vehemence in pointing the way out of it."

The applause was simply tremendous, frequently compelling the speaker to pause for several minutes. At its close the scene was indescribable. Women wept, men embraced each other. Guests on the platform rushed upon the orator with congratulations, the program was forgotten and only the playing of the band restored order and made it possible to proceed. Many said no better oration had ever been delivered in Faneuil Hall in its whole history.

Rev. R. C. Ransom said in full:

THE CENTENNIAL ORATION—"WM. LLOYD GARRISON."

We have assembled here tonight to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison. Not far from this city he was born. Within the gates of this city, made famous by some of America's most famous men, he spent more than two-thirds of his long and eventful career, enriching its history and adding to the glory of its renown. This place, of all places, is in keeping with the hour. It is most appropriate that we should meet in Faneuil hall, the cradle of American liberty, a spot hallowed and made sacred by the statesmen, soldiers, orators, scholars and reformers who have given expression to burning truths and found a hearing within these walls. Of all people it is most fitting that the Negro Americans of Boston should be the ones to take the lead in demonstrating to their fellow-citizens, and to the world, that his high character is cherished with affection and the priceless value of his unselfish labors in their behalf, shall forever be guarded as a sacred trust.

Only succeeding generations and centuries can tell the carrying power of a man's life. Some men whose contemporaries thought their title to enduring fame secure, have not been judged worthy in a later time to have their names recorded among the makers of history. Some men are noted, some are distinguished, some are famous, only a few are great.

The men whose deeds are born to live in history do not appear more than once or twice in a century. Of the millions of men who toil and strive, the number is not large, whose perceptible influence reaches beyond the generation in which they lived. It does not take long to call the roll of honor of any generation, and when this roll is put to the test of the unprejudiced scrutiny of a century, only a very small and select company have sufficient carrying power to reach into a second century. When the roll of the centuries is called, we may mention almost in a single breath, the names which belong to the ages. Abraham and Moses stand out clearly against the horizon of thirty centuries. St. Paul from his Roman prison, in the days of the Caesars, is still an articulate and authoritative voice, Savonarola rising from the ashes of his funeral pyre in the streets of Florence still pleads for civic righteousness; the sound of Martin Luther's hammer nailing his thesis to the door of his Wittenburg church, continues to echo around the world; the battle cry of Cromwell's Ironsides shouting, "The Lord of Hosts!" still causes the tyrant and the despot to tremble upon his throne; out of the fire and blood of the French Revolution, "Liberty and Equality" survive; Abraham Lincoln comes from the backwoods of Kentucky and the prairies of Illinois, to receive the approval of all succeeding generations of mankind for his Proclamation of Emancipation; John Brown was hung at Harper's Ferry that his soul might

go marching on in the tread of every northern regiment that fought for the "Union forever;" William Lloyd Garrison, mobbed in the streets of Boston for pleading the cause of the slave, lived to see freedom triumph, and tonight, a century after his birth, his name is cherished, not only in America, but around the world, wherever men aspire to individual liberty and personal freedom.

William Lloyd Garrison was in earnest. He neither temporized nor compromised with the enemies of human freedom. He gave up all those comforts, honors and rewards which his unusual talents would easily have won for him, in behalf of the cause of freedom which he espoused. He stood for righteousness with all the rugged strength of a prophet. Like some Elijah of the Gilead Forests, he pleaded with this nation to turn away from the false gods it had enshrined upon the altars of human liberty. Like some John Baptist crying in the wilderness, he called upon this nation to repent of its sin of human slavery, and to bring forth the fruits of its repentance in immediate emancipation.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1805 He came of very poor and obscure parentage. His father, who was a seafaring man, early abandoned the family for causes supposed to relate to his intemperance. The whole career of Garrison was a struggle against poverty. His educational advantages were limited. He became a printer's apprentice when quite a lad, which trade he learned. When he launched his paper, "The Liberator," which was to deal such destructive blows to slavery, the type was set by his own hands. The motto of the "Liberator" was "Our country is the world, our countrymen mankind."

Garrison did not worship the golden calf. His course could not be changed, nor his opinions influenced by threats of violence or the bribe of gold. Money could not persuade him to open his mouth against the truth, or buy his silence from uncompromising denunciation of the wrong. He put manhood above money, humanity above race, the justice of God above the justices of the supreme court, and conscience above the constitution. Because he took his stand upon New Testament righteousness as taught by Christ, he was regarded as a fanatic in a Christian land. When he declared that "he determined at every hazard to lift up a standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birthplace of liberty," he was regarded as a public enemy, in a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to freedom.

Garrison drew his arguments from the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, only to be jeered as a wild enthusiast. He would not retreat a single inch from the straight path of liberty and justice. He refused to purchase peace at the price of freedom. He would not drift with the current of the public opinion of his day. His course was up stream; his battle against the tide He undertook to create a right public sentiment on the question of freedom, a

task as great as it was difficult. Garrison thundered warnings to arouse the public conscience, before the lightnings of his righteous wrath and the shafts of his invincible logic wounded the defenders of slavery in all the vulnerable joints of their armor. He declared: "Let southern oppressors tremble—let their secret abettors tremble; let their northern apologists tremble; let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble." For such utterances as these his name throughout the nation became one of obloquy and reproach.

He was not bound to the slave by the ties of race, but by the bond of common humanity which he considered a stronger tie. In his struggle for freedom there was no hope of personal gain; he deliberately chose the pathway of poverty and financial loss. There was set before his eyes no prospect of honor, no pathways leading to promotion, no voice of popular approval, save that of his conscience and his God. His friends and neighbors looked upon him as one who brought a stigma upon the fair name of the city in which he lived. The business interests regarded him as an influence which disturbed and injured the relations of commerce and of trade; the church opposed him; the press denounced him; the state regarded him as an enemy of the established order; the North repudiated him; the South burned him in effigy. Yet almost single-handed and alone, Garrison continued to fight on, declaring that "his reliance for the deliverance of the oppressed universally is upon the nature of man, the inherent wrongfulness of oppression, the power of truth, and the omnipotence of God." After the greatest civil war that ever immersed a nation in a baptism of blood and tears, Garrison, unlike most reformers, lived to see the triumph of the cause for which he fought and every slave, not only acknowledged as a free man, but clothed with the dignity and powers of American citizenship. William Lloyd Garrison has passed from us, but the monumental character of his work and the influence of his life shall never perish. While there are wrongs to be righted; despots to be attacked; oppressors to be overthrown; peace to find and advocate, and freedom a voice, the name of William Lloyd Garrison will live.

Those who would honor Garrison and perpetuate his memory and his fame, must meet the problems that confront them with the same courage and in the same uncompromising spirit that Garrison met the burning questions of the day. Those who would honor Garrison in one breath, while compromising our manhood and advocating the surrender of our political rights in another, not only dishonor his memory, not only trample the flag of our country with violent and unholy feet, but they spit upon the grave which holds the sacred dust of this chiefest of the apostles of freedom.

The status of the Negro in this country was not settled by emancipation; the 15th amendment to the constitution which it was confidently believed would clothe him forever with political influence and power, is more bitterly opposed today than it was a quarter of a century ago. The place which the

Negro is to occupy is still a vital and burning question. The newspaper press and magazines are full of it; literature veils its discussion of the theme under the guise of romance; political campaigns are waged with this question as a paramount issue; it is written into the national platform of great political parties; it tinges legislation; it has invaded the domain of dramatic art, until today, it is enacted upon the stage; philanthropy, scholarship and religion are, each from their point of view, more industriously engaged in its solution than they have been in any previous generation. If the life and labors of Garrison and the illustrious men and women who stood with him, have a message for the present, we should seek to interpret its meaning and lay the lesson to heart.

The scenes have shifted, but the stage is the same; the leading characters have not changed. We still have with us powerful influences trying to keep the Negro down by unjust and humiliating legislation and degrading treatment; while on the other hand, the Negro and his friends are still contending for the same privileges and opportunities that are freely accorded to other citizens whose skins do not happen to be black. We, of this nation, are slow to learn the lessons taught by history; the passions which feed on prejudice and tyranny can neither be mollified nor checked by subjection, surrender or compromise. Self-appointed representatives of the Negro, his enemies and his would-be friends are pointing to many diverse paths, each claiming that the one he has marked for his feet is the proper one in which he should walk. There is but one direction in which the Negro should steadfastly look and but one path in which he should firmly plant his feet—that is toward the realization of complete manhood and equality, and the full justice that belongs to an American citizen clothed with all of his constitutional power

This is a crucial hour for the Negro American; men are seeking today to fix his industrial, political and social status under freedom, as completely as they did under slavery. As this nation continued unstable, so long as it rested upon the foundation stones of slavery, so will it remain insecure as long as one-eighth of its citizens can be openly shorn of political power, while confessedly they are denied "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We have no animosity against the South or against southern people. We would see the wounds left by the war of the rebellion healed; but we would have them healed so effectually that they could not be trodden upon and made to bleed afresh by inhuman barbarities and unjust legislation; we would have the wounds of this nation bound up by the hands of those who are friendly to the patient, so that they might not remain a political running sore. We would have the bitter memories of the war effaced, but they cannot fade while the spirit of slavery walks before the nation in a new disguise. We, too, would have a reunited country; but we would have the reunion to include not only white men North and South, but a union so endearing, because so just, as to

embrace all of our fellow-countrymen regardless of section or of race.

President Roosevelt in one of his addresses to the Colored people, while on his recent southern tour, has advised us that instead of agitating for our rights, we should apply ourselves to the fulfilment of our duties. This is no new doctrine; it was taught by Jesus Christ who never once discussed the doctrine of human rights. Christ spoke of duties. Joseph Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, taught his fellow-countrymen that the way to secure their liberation was through the fulfilment of their duties. By the fulfilment of duty, Mazzini meant something quite different from what President Roosevelt seems to have had in mind. He taught that it was not simply a man's right to be free, but that it was his duty, because God had created him to enjoy freedom, and therefore, he would make himself an instrument of thwarting the ends of his Creator if he permitted without resistence his freedom to be taken away

It is not a man's right, it is his duty to support and defend his family and his home; he should therefore resist any influence exerted to prevent him from maintaining them in comfort; while he should oppose with his life the invader or despoiler of his home. God had created man with a mind capable of infinite development and growth; it is not, therefore, a man's right, it is his duty to improve his mind and to educate his children; he should not therefore, submit to conditions which would compel them to grow up in ignorance. Man belongs to society; it is his duty to make his personal contribution of the best that is within him to the common good; he can do this only as he is given opportunity to freely associate with his fellowman. He should, therefore, seek to overthrow the artificial social barriers which would intervene to separate him from realizing the highest and best there is within him by freedom of association. It is a man's duty to be loyal to his country and his flag, but when his country becomes a land of oppression and his flag an emblem of injustice and wrong, it becomes as much his duty to attack the enemies within the nation as to resist the foreign invader. Tyrants and tyranny everywhere should be attacked and overthrown.

This is a period of transition in the relations of the Negro to this nation. The question which America is trying to answer, and which it must soon definitely settle is this: **What kind of Negroes do the American people want?** That they must have the Negro in some relation is no longer a question of serious debate. The Negro is here 10,000,000 strong, and for weal or woe, he is here to stay—he is here to remain forever. In the government he is a political factor; in education and in wealth he is leaping forward with giant strides; he counts his taxable property by the millions, his educated men and women by the scores of thousands; in the South he is the backbone of industry; in every phase of American life his presence may be noted; he is also as thoroughly imbued with American principles and ideals as any class of people

beneath our flag. When Garrison started his fight for freedom, it was the prevailing sentiment that the Negro could have no place in this country save that of a slave, but he has proven himself to be more valuable as a free man than as a slave. What kind of Negroes do the American people want? Do they want a voteless Negro in a republic founded upon universal suffrage? Do they want a Negro who shall not be permitted to participate in the government which he must support with his treasure and defend with his blood? Do they want a Negro who shall consent to be set apart as forming a distinct industrial class, permitted to rise no higher than the level of surfs or peasants? Do they want a Negro who shall accept an interior social position, not as a degradation, but as the just operation of the laws of caste based upon color? Do they want a Negro who will avoid friction between the races by consenting to occupy the place to which white men may choose to assign him? What kind of a Negro do the American people want? Do they want a Negro who will accept the doctrine, that however high he may rise in the scale of character, wealth and education, he may never hope to associate as an equal with white men? Do white men believe that 10,000,000 blacks, after having imbibed the spirit of American institutions, and having exercised the rights of free men for more than a generation, will ever accept a place of permanent inferiority in the republic? Taught by the Declaration of Independence, sustained by the constitution of the United States, enlightened by the education of our schools, this nation can no more resist the advancing tread of the hosts of the oncoming blacks, than it can bind the stars or halt the resistless motion of the tide

The answer which the American people may give to the question proposed cannot be final. There is another question of greater importance which must be answered by the Negro, and by the Negro alone. **What kind of an American does the Negro intend to be?** The answer to this question he must seek and find in every field of human activity and endeavor. First, he must answer it by negation. He does not intend to be an alien in the land of his birth nor an outcast in the home of his fathers. He will not consent to his elimination as a political factor; he will refuse to camp forever on the borders of the industrial world; as an American he will consider that his destiny is united by indissoluble bonds with the destiny of America forever; he will strive less to be a great Negro in this republic and more to be an influential and useful American. As intelligence is one of the chief safeguards of the republic, he will educate his children. Knowing that a people cannot perish whose morals are above reproach, he will ally himself on the side of the forces of righteousness; having been the object of injustice and wrong, he will be the foe of anarchy and the advocate of the supremacy of law. As an American citizen, he will allow no man to protest his title, either at home or abroad. He will insist more and more, **not only upon voting, but upon being voted for** to oc-

cupy any position within the gift of the nation. As an American whose title to citizenship is without a blemish or flaw, he will resist without compromise every law upon the statute books, which is aimed at his degradation as a human being and humiliation as a citizen. He will be no less ambitious and aspiring than his fellow-countrymen; he will assert himself, not as a Negro, but as a man; he will beat no retreat in the face of his enemies and opposers; his gifted sons and daughters, children of genius who may be born to him, will make their contribution to the progress of humanity on these shores, accepting nothing but the honors and rewards that belong to merit. What kind of an American does the Negro intend to be? He intends to be an American who will never mar the image of God, reproach the dignity of his manhood, or tarnish the fair title of his citizenship, by apologizing to men or angels for associating as an equal, with some other American who does not happen to be black. He will place the love of country above the love of race; he will consider no task too difficult, no sacrifice too great, in his effort to emancipate his country from the unChristlike feelings of race hatred and the American bondage of prejudice. There is nothing that injustice so much respects, that Americans so much admire, and the world so much applauds, as a man who stands erect like a man, has the courage to speak in the tones of a man, and to fearlessly act a man's part.

There are two views of the Negro question now at last clearly defined. One is that the Negro should stoop to conquer; that he should accept in silence the denial of his political rights; that he should not brave the displeasure of white men by protesting when he is segregated in humiliating ways upon the public carriers and in places of public entertainment; that he may educate his children, buy land and save money; but he must not insist upon his children taking their place in the body politic to which their character and intelligence entitle them; he must not insist on ruling the land which he owns or farms; he must have no voice as to how the money he has accumulated is to be expended through taxation and the various forms of public improvement. There are others who believe that the Negro owes this nation no apology for his presence in the United States; that being black he is still no less a man; that he should not yield one syllable of his title to American citizenship; that he should refuse to be assigned to an inferior plane by his fellow-countrymen; though foes conspire against him and powerful friends desert him, he should refuse to abdicate his sovereignty as a citizen, and to lay down his honor as a man. (Wild applause, cries of "Ransom, Ransom." Cheering.)

If Americans become surfeited with wealth, haughty with the boasting pride of race superiority, morally corrupt in the high places of honor and of trust, enervated through the pursuit of pleasure, or the political bondmen of some strong man plotting to seize the reins of power, the Negro American will

continue his steadfast devotion to the flag, and the unyielding assertion of his constitutional rights, that "this government of the people, for the people and by the people, may not perish from the earth."

It is so marvelous as to be like a miracle of God, to behold the transformation that has taken place in the position of the Negro in this land since William Lloyd Garrison first saw the light a century ago. When the Negro had no voice, Garrison pleaded his cause; tonight the descendants of the slave stand in Faneuil hall, while from ocean to ocean, every foot of American soil is dedicated to freedom. The Negro American has found his voice; he is able to speak for himself; he stands upon this famous platform here and thinks it no presumption to declare that he seeks nothing more, and will be satisfied with nothing less than the full measure of American citizenshi_

I feel inspired tonight. The spirits of the champions of freedom hover near. High above the stars, Lincoln and Garrison, Sumner and Phillips, Douglass and Lovejoy, look down to behold their prayers answered, their labors rewarded, and their prophecies fulfilled. They were patriots; the true saviours of a nation that esteemed them not. They have left us a priceless heritage. Is there to be found among us now one who would so dishonor the memory of these sainted dead; one so lost to love of country and loyalty to his race, as to offer to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage? When we were slaves, Garrison labored to make us free; when our manhood was denied, he proclaimed it. Shall we in the day of freedom be less loyal to our country and true to ourselves than were the friends who stood for us in our night of woe? Many victories have been won for us; there are still greater victories we must win for ourselves. The proclamation of freedom and the bestowal of citizenship were not the ultimate goal we started out to reach, they were but the beginnings of progress. We, of this generation, must so act our part that a century hence, our children and our children's children may honor our memory and be inspired to press on as they receive from us untarnished the banner of freedom, of manhood and of equality among men.

The Negro went aboard the ship of state when she was first launched upon the uncertain waters of our national existence. He booked as a through passenger until she should reach "the utmost sea-mark of her farthest sail." When those in command treated him with injustice and brutality, he did not mutiny or rebel; when placed before the mast as a lookout, he did not fall asleep at his post. He has helped to keep her from being wrecked upon the rocks of treachery; he has imperiled his life by standing manfully to his task while she outrode the fury of of a threatening sea; when the pirate craft of rebellion bore down upon her and sought to place the black flag of disunion at her masthead, he was one of the first to respond when the captain called all hands up on deck. If the enemies of liberty should ever again attempt to wreck our ship of state, the Negro American will stand by the guns; he will

not desert her when she is sinking, but with the principles of the Declaration of Independence nailed to the masthead, with the flag afloat, he would prefer rather to perish with her than to be numbered among those who deserted her when assailed by an overwhelming foe. If she weathers the storms that beat upon her, outsails the enemies that pursue her, avoids the rocks that threaten her, and anchors at last in the port of her desired haven, black Americans and white Americans locked together in brotherly embrace, will pledge each other to remain aboard forever on terms of equality, because they shall have learned by experience that neither one of them can be saved, except they thus abide in the ship.

For the present our strivings are not in vain. The injustice that leans upon the arm of oppression for support must fall; truth perverted or suppressed gains in momentum while it waits; generations may perish, but humanity will survive; out of the present conflict of opinion and the differences of race and color that divide, once the tides of immigration have ceased to flow to our shores, this nation will evolve a people who shall be one in purpose, one in spirit, one in destiny—a composite American by the co-mingling of blood.

When the applause following the oration had subsided, Company L filed down from the gallery and marched out through the center aisle with the band playing and the audience applauding.

Mrs. Olivia Ward Bush then read the Emancipation Proclamation and the 13th Amendment, as showing the end of the Liberator's work, its publication being ended at that time.

After this Mr. Edward Everett Brown made an impassioned short address. He said in part:

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens: It is fitting that we should assemble in historic Faneuil Hall, where the great battles of our race and humanity have been fought, to pay our tribute of love and respect to the sainted memory of that grand, fearless uncompromising defender and champion of the rights of man, justice and equality, William Lloyd Garrison.

No man who truly loves his race and is interested in its highest social, commercial, political, intellectual and moral advancement, could fail to respond to the call of duty in such a sacred cause as we have met tonight to honor and draw lessons of inspiration from his noble life and self-sacrificing character.

The Negroes of America owe more to Garrison than to any other man who lived during that stormy period that tried men's souls.

He was hated, persecuted and mobbed for us, but his courage never failed him, never for a moment did he lose interest in the mighty cause of human freedom and liberty for the poor, despised black slave to whom he had consecrated his life.

If it had not been for Garrison we would probably have never had the eloquent Phillips pleading our cause at the great bar of public opinion. Because it was that disgraceful scene witnessed by Phillips in Court street, Boston in 1835, when Garrison was being dragged through the streets by the Broadcloth mob that enlisted the sympathy of Phillips and from that moment he became a convert to the anti-slavery cause.

In spite of the sacrifices of blood and treasure, caused by the great war of the rebellion, the Negro citizens of America are still the victims of unjust persecution; race hatred and discrimination, disfranchised, robbed of the ballot, that priceless heritage of American citizenship, denied the right of trial by jury, shot down, lynched and murdered without even the form of a trial.

I believe that a sentiment will go forth from this historic hall that will arouse the seared hearts, and consciences of the American people to give the Negro fair play, justice, equal opportunity, equal rights under the sacred constitution of our country.

The chairman of the committee on Resolutions, Mr. T. P.Taylor, called upon Rev. J. W. Hill, secretary of the committee on resolutions, to read them, before doing so narrating briefly his experience in helping save Wendell Phillips from the mob at the Smith Court Synagogue in 1860.

The Resolutions Adopted.

Whereas:—On this memorable occasion we are filled with gratitude to God, who hath given us a grand opportunity to unite with a host of friends throughout the country in the observance of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of the Pioneer in the work of the abolition of American slavery, William Lloyd Garrison; and are glad to recall to memory the history of one who when a young man of twenty-four years, thought deeply on the subject of human oppression and decided that the curse of American slavery should be removed from the land. Mr. Garrison became inspired with a strong desire and determination to lift his voice and wield his pen in behalf of the bondman, and with courage to go forth almost single handed to demand for the enslaved race, "Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation." With a strong faith in the possibility of success he began his life work fearing neither opposition nor danger that threatened him all the way.

We are reminded, as we reverently tread the path over which the excited mob dragged his body, that Mr. Garrison bore with calm fortitude the insult, still believing that his cause was just, and that eventually "right would triumph over might." We will gladly remember that his love of country and desire for Universal Freedom, led him to place on the pages of the earliest edition of the "Liberator," his motto: "Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind," and to be known as a foe to every form of oppression. Therefore be it

Resolved:—That, as we renew memories of the anti-slavery struggle, we rejoice that to our oppressed race as a grand result of the agitation the Day of Freedom dawned, the prison doors were opened, the chains loosened and the oppressed walked forth to freedom forever on American soil.

Resolved:—That we gratefully record anew appreciation of the labors of William Lloyd Garrison and the host of earnest men and women who, with their true friend and leader, worked incessantly during the dark hours of slavery and lived to hail with joy the sending over the land the Emancipation Proclamation giving freedom to four millions of bondmen, who took up the joyful news and shouted to all around the welcome words, "We're free, we're free."

Resolved:—That we will often bring to the young people the memory of the past, and lead them to trace the history of the Negro-American, and from year to year record the wonderful progress made since the day that civil and political opportunity was given them. It shall be our aim to place in every household a memento of this occasion, bearing a likeness of William Lloyd Garrison, with many of his sayings that shall be remembered by succeeding generations.

Resolved:—That we deem this a fitting time to bring to the wives and mothers of our country the beautiful example of fidelity as seen in the life of the sainted companion of Mr. Garrison, who encouraged him in his work and proved herself a true helpmate, sending him in the midst of his darkest hours while sheltered in the jail from the fury of an angry mob, the message "I know my husband will not betray his principles," this too, when a young wife and mother, surrounded by a little family that missed the loving presence of a devoted husband and father.

Resolved:—That we urge the wives and mothers of our land to impress on the minds of the young people the lessons of moral courage and adherence to good principles that shall prepare them for the duties of life; making them to stand for the Right at all times, and that we consider it our duty to encourage them in their efforts by our renewed determination to uplift the race with whom we are identified,—until they shall overcome all obstacles to success, and enjoy the rights that belong to every citizen of the United States. And finally be it

Resolved: That we reconsecrate ourselves to the great ideal of Freedom, for which Garrison suffered imprisonment and even risked his life and reaffirm our belief in his method of destroying evil by exposing its hideous nature and denouncing its perpetrators, being as he was, "as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as jus-

tice;" and, with millions of our fellows in the new bondage of peonage and of disfranchisement in the south, we pledge ourselves to seek their freedom through agitation, adopting as our motto his words, "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

Then Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., a grandson of the Abolitionist, made a brief and witty speech which delighted the audience, especially his reference to William Lloyd, the 4th.

Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garison, Jr., said in part:—It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to speak after the magnificent and convincing oration of the speaker of the evening. (Applause.)

This I do wish to say. All Garrisons love liberty. (Applause.) All Garrisons are firmly convinced of the certain advancement of the Colored race in America to its high destiny. (Applause). To give an earnest of my belief in my tradition I want to tell you that I have taken care to perpetuate the name of the man whose anniversary you celebrate tonight in perhaps the surest way. That name is now borne by my 4-year-old boy (Laughter) who promises, judging from his present activity to become a greater agitator than even his great grand sire.

At the conclusion of these remarks the applause and mirth lasted several minutes and did not subside until, on request, Mrs. Garrison, the mother of the baby, stood up and was seen.

The great crowd had remained though the hour was late. C. G. Morgan had declined to speak on that account. Then came up a cry of "Hutchinson," which showed what the audience wanted. The venerable singer was greeted with three rousing cheers. He made a brief speech, saying in part:

This is a sacred place to me. It has been since 1842, when we joined with the abolitionists in their grand conventions in this place. Mr. Garrison always had some notice in his paper when we were traveling over the country. I remember that one time in St. Louis the mayor, after one of our concerts said, "You are an abolitionist; you have no business here; get out of the city. You will have no protection here," and we left in a hurry. We went straight into Chicago where we were received with open arms. I remember in New Haven some slave sympathizers in the gallery hissed us. My brother, Judson, rose deliberately and said: "There are no snakes in Ireland, but there are some geese in America."

He told of an incident in England when the Hutchinsons went to England with Frederick Douglass, and when he sat with them at the table. Then he sang "The Car Emancipation," which evoked much laughter, being supported by his wife and son, who joined in the chorus.

The chairman of the committee appointed in the afternoon to see the mayor reported that the wreath had been restored.

Mr. Moses Newsome was then asked by the chairman to speak, but the hour being late, and the audience anxious to get away, he desisted, and Rev. Byron Gunner pronounced the benediction, after which Secretary Trotter brought Mrs. Hudson to the front of the stage and explained she was once a fugitive slave, and was "presented" to Mr. Garrison at a Faneuil hall anti-slavery meeting 50 years ago.

Thus ended the greatest meeting of Colored people in Boston since the Emancipation Proclamation and the enactment of the 15th amendment, in the opinion of the old resiednts, and the greatest celebration Boston Colored people ever had.

The members of the Columbia Glee club who were present to sing were: Chas. A. E. Cuffee, Geo. B. O'Brien, John D. Allston, first tenors; J. E. Lee, Chas. L. White, Chas. Johnson, J. B. Waters, second tenors; Wm. H. Richardson, Edw. Rollins, J. Sherman Jones, Julius B. Goddard, first basses; Dr. I. L. Roberts, Wm. H. Hamilton, J. R. McClenney, second basses; J. R. McClenney, musical director; Wm. H. Hamilton, manager.

The members of the Commonwealth band which rendered such excellent music are: Wm. A. Smith, leader; J. H. Barkley, R. Birch, Chas. Butcher, Joseph Bonner, D. W. Chestnut, G. L. Cephas, Joseph De Lyons, T. J. Hamilton, Wm. Howard, M. Hayes, J. E. Johnson, John Lee, treasurer, Chas. Sheppard, Dr. Scott, B. S. White, Luther White, secretary, J. M. Grigsby, Chas. Thomas, John Cook, L. T. B. Howard, Thos. Bovell, W. B. Burrell, C. F. Chandler, C. H. Barkley, Jr., Mr. Clay.

The Citizens Committee of the Two Days Celebration

The movement for a public observance of the Centenary of Wm. Lloyd Garrison was first conceived and announced by the Boston Suffrage League, at a meeting held in the rooms of the Charles Sumner Republican club, 634 Shawmut avenue, on Nov. 29, 1904, at which time a committee was appointed. This made the Boston movement the pioneer in the country. Nothing was done, however, till the next year, when at a meeting of the league, Oct. 17, 1905, held at the same place, a new committee of twelve members was appointed by the President, Rev. Wm. H. Scott, to arrange for a celebration and to seek the co-operation of all the citizens of Greater Boston.

The first meeting of the League's Committee was held at the establishment of Mr. J. A. Crawford, the chairman, 894 Tremont street, Oct. 25th, 1905, and subsequent meetings were held at the establishment of Mr. Chas. A. Seales, 626A Shawmut avenue. The first meeting of the Citizens Committee was held at Love and Charity hall, 1042 Tremont street, Sunday, Nov. 19, 1905, and was largely attended, the use of the hall being donated by the Brothers and Sisters of Love and Charity, through the intercession of Mr. Walter Thomas. Sub-committees of the Citizens Committee were appointed on Arrangements, Printing, Reception, Finance, Decoration, Music, Resolutions and Wreath.

Meetings and adjourned meetings of these sub-committees were held in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Miner, 31 Holyoke street; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ransom, 16 Holyoke street; Mrs. Lucy Groves, 389 Northampton street; Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Fewell, 92 West Springfield street; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee, 367 Northampton street; Capt. and Mrs. Charles L. Mitchell, 24 Sherman street, and Mrs. Arianna C. Sparrow, 75 Camden street.

By invitation of the League's Committee, the session at St. Monica's Home, 125 Highland street, Mr. Garrison's homestead, was taken charge of by St. Monica's Aid Sewing Circle and St. Monica's Relief Association; the session at the Smith Court Synagogue (which place was secured through the kind intercession of Mr. H. Crine of Brookline) by the Boston Literary and Historical Association and the St. Mark Musical and Literary Union, and the morning session at Faneuil Hall by the Colored Veteran Associations and Women's Clubs. The meetings of this last committee were held in the parlors of Commander and Mrs. A. Ditmus, 67 Phillips street, and of Mrs. Hannah C. Smith, 371 Northampton street.

The members of the Citizens Committee by sub-committees were:

Committee of Arrangements.

Mark R. DeMortie, Chairman, Philip J. Allston, secretary, J. R. Andrews, Joseph Butler, Albert Brown, Capt. Geo. W. Braxton, Wm. G. Butler, T. E. Bowser, E. E. Brown, George Betts, T. R. Bird, Stephen Brown, J. W. Buchanan, S. Boulware, Mrs. S. Boulware, W. A. Bland, Simon Ball, Miss Beulah Butler, Mrs. Mary Barnett, Henry Batchelder, Mrs. Henry Batchelder, Marshall Bridgett, J. A. Crawford, F. R. Chisholm, Mrs. Robt. Carter, T. S. Calvin, Edw. Christian, E. M. Clary, Mrs. I. R. Chapman, Alexander Cotten, Wm. H. Dupree, Mrs. E. Davenport, James Epps, L. A. Eichelburge, Catherine Freeman, George C. Freeman, A. J. Foye, Mrs. A. J. Foye, Mr. Foye, Dr. Wm. H. Gilbert, Jesse Goode, W. O. Goodell, George S. Glover, Wm. N. Goode, Robt. Hemmings, Wm. H. Holden, L. S. Hicks, W. P. Hare, W. A. Hemmingway, Mrs. W. A. Hemmingway, M. F. Hamlin, Sam'l Jackson, T. V. Jones, A. V. Jones, Edmund K. Jones, A. W. Jordan, Mrs. Annie Jenkins, Eugene A. Jackson, Mr. Jackson, A. P. Jones, Henry Jones, Mrs. Mary Johnson, Asa B. Kountze, Dr. Henry Lewis, W. M. Lash, Dr. W. C. Lane, Peter Lattimore, John D. Ludkins, W. W. Mercer, J. E. Martin, Mrs. M. A. McAdoo, Sam'l Merchant, Guy Outlaw, Wm. Pegram, Geo. N. Rainey, Luke E. Reddick, Wm. Riley, U. A. Ridley, Mrs. Mary Selden, Rev M. A. N. Shaw, Wm. H. Smith, Miss Mary Richards, Rev. Wm. H. Scott, Walter W. Sampson, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Walter J. Stephens, Henry Sport, Louis F. Smith, W. C. Tucker, Mrs. Virginia Trotter, Henry A. Turner, Allen Thompson, S. Tasco, Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Miss R. E. Thompson, Sam'l Washington, J. C. Westmoreland, J. H. Walden, Milton Walker, N. P. Wentworth, J. H. Wolfe, Lewis H. Williams, Mr. and

Mrs. S. E. Wilson, J. S. Bailey, Louis F. Baldwin, James W. Council, James C. Johnson, Franklin Furr, Mrs. C. G. Morgan, Thomas Morgan, W. A. Richardson, Mrs. Rosetta Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. S. Williamson, Geo. M. Wright, Miss A. L. Andrews, Joseph D. Augustine, W. L. Brown, Joseph Bailey, Mrs. J. W. Brooks, Mrs. Samuel Bush, Mrs. James E. Banks, Miss Estella Banks, Mrs. Rachel J. Brown, Mrs. E. Booker, C. M. Bonneau, James D. Brummell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Cornish, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Cain, S. J. Davis, Mrs. Courtney Dozier, Mr. and Mrs. William Foster, Mrs. Z. R. Fountain, Mrs. Esther Faulkner, Horace J. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Laban C. Houser, Mrs. John R. King, Joseph S. Kemp, Mrs. Susan L. Kemp, Mrs. Mary King, Miss Willie Lewis, Mrs. Daniel H. Miner, Mrs. Emery T. Morris, Mrs. Maria P. Mowbry, Mrs. Esther Pierce, William Parker, Mrs. Jerusha F. Ross, Mrs. G. L. Robinson, Mrs. Alice V. Scott, Mrs. Lurenia Stallion, W. F. Sykes, Mrs. Nellie A. Stith, Dr. D. W. Sherrod, Mrs. Mary J. Selby. Mrs. Julia A. Tynes, Mrs. Matilda Thomas, Mrs. L. A. Weston.

Committee on Decoration.

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Auxiliary Church Celebrations, Sunday, December 10th, 1905

Held in response to Appeal to Clergymen by Boston Suffrage League Committee

The citizens celebration had no sessions Sunday night, which time was purposely left for each church to hold a Garrison celebration of its own. The part taken by the Boston Suffrage league in these Sunday evening services consisted in issuing the following "Appeal to the Clergymen of the United States for Garrison's Centenary."

"To the clergymen of New England and of the United States:—The undersigned, a sub-committee of the Garrison Centenary committee of the Suffrage League of Boston and vicinity, under whose auspices a celebration is to be held in Boston on December 10 and 11, believing William Lloyd Garrison to be one of the noblest characters in our country's history and one of its greatest benefactors, as well as one of the world's greatest moral agitators, earnestly petition you to take cognizance of the 100th birthday of this great American on Sunday, Dec. 10.

"As representatives of that element, for whose freedom Garrison gave the best efforts of his life with such success, we appeal to you to utilize this occasion to arouse the American people to a sense of the enormity of the present evil of Negro-American serfdom through the nullification of those amendments to the constitution which are the dearly bought fruits of the war for freedom, and to start a second Garrisonian movement to abolish Negro-American selfdom in this land as the first Garrison movement abolished Negro-American chattel slavery in the past, that it may be in very truth the 'land of the free.'"

(Signed)
EMORY T. MORRIS, Cambridge,
REV. WM. H. SCOTT, Woburn,
CHAS. H. HALL, Cambridge,
Committee.

This appeal was widely disseminated and bore fruit many miles from Boston. In Greater Boston it was accepted and acted upon with celebrations on Sunday night, Dec. 10, by the Twelfth Baptist church, Charles Street A. M. E., St. Paul Baptist, Morning Star Baptist, Calvary Baptist of Boston, the Union Baptist of Cambridge, Centre Street Baptist of Malden, Zion Baptist of Lynn, Shiloh Baptist of Everett and others. Abridged accounts of such of these as could be secured by the committee are here given as they were auxiliary to, and in that sense a part of, the citizens' celebration.

AT TWELFTH BAPTIST CHURCH, PHILLIPS STREET, BOSTON.

A Garrison Centennial meeting, auxiliary to the Citizens' meeting was held at the Twelfth Baptist church, on Phillips street of which Rev. M. A. N. Shaw is pastor, Sunday night, Dec. 10, in response to the appeal of the Boston Suffrage League. It was a notable meeting, among the speakers being Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Rev. Charles F. Dole, president of the Twentieth Century Club, Rev. Francis G. Richardson, registrar of the Boston University School of Medicine, John R. Murphy, Esq., Speaker Louis A. Frothingham of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and Mr. William L. Reed, executive messenger to the governor. The musical program was elaborate, consisting of an augmented chorus, a quartet and solos. Mrs. Ames was presented with a bouquet of cut flowers by Miss Josephine Selden of the church who made a neat speech of presentation.

Rev. Shaw opened with an eloquent tribute to Garrison who used to speak from that same pulpit. He spoke of

Garrison's reliance on incessant agitation of wrongs to get rid of them.

Mrs. Ames eulogized Garrison as a man of clean life and of great adherence to principle, a great moral hero. She then dwelt upon the need of applying the spirit of Garrison to the reform of present day evils, especially that of corrupt city politics, advising all to vote for Mr. Frothingham.

Hon. John R. Murphy spoke very eloquently on Mr. Garrison. He knew Wendell Phillips personally and often talked with him about the anti-slavery cause. He said that the original conception of the plan to destroy slavery was Garrison's though others worked in the cause. Referring to the fact that slavery was abolished by war he said that while he did not believe bloodshed was always necessary to reform yet it was a weak cause that was not worth dying for. (Applause.)

He said that he foresaw the early coming of the ideal of fraternity and that it would come from espousal of the ideal of Americanism under which lines of race, color and creed would vanish. America was made up of all races, colors and creeds.

"You have done your share," said the speaker, "in all the wars that have saved and upbuilt and made glorious the country, and shoulder to shoulder with your white fellow citizens you will contribute to all its victories in peace." (Applause.)

Mr. William L. Reed, executive messenger to the governor referred to the great meeting at the Smith Court Synagogue as giving him inspiration. He said he enjoyed the remarks of Mr. Murphy as those of a man belonging to another race that had been persecuted in this country but had forged to the front. He spoke of some speaker at the 20th Century club who said Garrison lacked wholly commonsense in his methods of trying to free the slaves. Mr. Reed said that was the trouble with the public today. Any man who said peonage was slavery, disfranchisement serfdom and who censured public officials for ignoring the great principle would be considered "indiscreet."

The pastor, after remarking that politics in the sense of good citizenship had a rightful place in the church, a remark caused by the arrival of Speaker Frothingham, introduced with an extraordinary tribute Prof. Frank C. Richardson, Registrar of the Boston University School of Medicine. Prof. Richardson delivered a notable address. He said in part:

Of the many lessons to be learned from a contemplation of the career of William Lloyd Garrison, none to my mind constitute a more precious heritage to your race than the self-culture, independent thought and steadfastness of purpose which his life exemplified.

Reared in poverty, an errand boy, a wood sawyer, a printer's apprentice, with scarcely a common school education as we understand it today, by his own effort he cultivated his reasoning faculty, and his powers of expression till he raised himself to heights from which his voice was heard around the world. By his independence of thought and steadfastness of purpose he came to be a leader of men—the emancipator of a race and swayed a nation's destiny.

Edison once said that genius was 2 percent genius and 98 percent hard work.

So it is with our accomplishment—while something may be due to natural ability, far more is the result of earnest effort. It is well to remember that there can be no actual equality among men. Every man's future depends upon himself. It is well for you to remember that the equal rights which William Lloyd Garrison labored so earnestly for years to obtain are the rights and opportunities equal to those of every other man, to store your mind with knowledge; to cultivate the habit of independent thought to upbuild your character to its richest, fullest fruition until you shall have won the admiration and respect of the world.

It has been said in criticism of your race that you are emotional. I would not have you otherwise. He who has no strength of emotion, no passion of sorrow or of joy is far removed from the ideal of manhood, but see to it that your emotion is governed by self-control; is tempered by the light of reason.

It has been said of you that you are merely imitative. What more, I ask, could have been reasonably expected of you during the past years of your mental awakening? To the lasting credit of your race be it said that the examples you have followed have more often than otherwise been of the best—your ideals the highest.

You have passed through the stage of mere imitation—you have learned to think—to reason. The time is now at hand for you to originate, to create.

Whatever your walk of life it should be your ambition and steadfast purpose to be not only the equal of others but the best in your particular field.

The women should strive for excellence in domestic arts and should cultivate those refinements for which the work-a-day life of the man leaves him no time, but which through woman's influence rescues the world from brutishness.

The man should enter the competition of life with the determination to do his best, but to play the game square to the end, never swerving one jot from the straight path of honor and truth as revealed to him by the light of his reason. Let him make honest and fearless inquiry in all things, prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

"Thank God, the past is not the present. For its opportunities and deeds we are not responsible. It is for us to discharge the high duties that devolve on us, and carry our wave onward. To be no better, no greater than the past, is to be little and foolish and bad; it is to misapply noble means, to sacrifice glorious opportunities for the performance of sublime deeds, to become cumberers of the ground."

Rev. Shaw introduced Mr. Frothingham not as candidate for mayor but as Speaker of the House. Mr. Frothingham eulogized Garrison and prophesied the doing away with race lines in the future. He declared the Colored people could now start a new era with, in Massachusetts at least, the best blood of the country with them.

Rev. Charles F. Dole, president of the Twentieth Century Club after interjecting that he hoped Mr. Frothingham would be elected, said the question was whether from all these Garrison celebrations over the country there would be any result in the people living up to Garrison ideals. He said the great question was the proportion of the beautiful qualities in the Colored race, it being admitted these qualities were possessed by the race.

Beside the large chorus under Prof. McClenny, there was a selection by the Crescent Male Quartet and a solo by Miss May[illegible] accompanied on the org[illegible]ite.

The audience was an unusually large one filling the galleries as well as the floor.

AT CHARLES ST. A. M. E. CHURCH, CHARLES ST., BOSTON.

An immense crowd, Sunday night, packed the large auditorium of Charles Street church and filled the galleries, the special feature of the evening's service being the Garrison centenary meeting, arranged in response to the appeal to the clery of the Boston Suffrage league. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard of the New York Evening Post, grandson of the great emancipator, had accepted an invitation to come on from New York, and attend this meeting, and Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, who had electrified a large audience the Friday night before, the greatest woman speaker of her race, had been announced to speak, with others, in eulogy of the man whose 100th birthday the Colored people of the city were celebrating. The choir under the leadership of the chorister, Mr. J. Sherman Jones, furnished excellent music throughout the evening. The pastor, Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom, in introducing as the first speaker, Mr. Villard, spoke of the pleasure it had given him to invite Mr. Villard and of his great joy in receiving the latter's acceptance to honor the occasion by his presence.

Mr. Villard said that it had not been the intention of any member of the family to speak at any of the various meetings held in honor of his grandfather, but that since the rule had been violated by Mr. Francis Garrison at the Joy street meeting in the afternoon, he felt free to express at least his thanks to the Colored people of Boston for the manner in which they had honored his grandfather. He had come with no set speech. It was difficult, he said, to express the praise that was due Mr. Garrison's great and noble life without a seeming indelicacy because of the relationship. But if he were here today he would say not to honor him, but the noble band of heroes that supported him, and not to think of the personalities, but of the cause and its triumphs, and let it be an inspiration. Mr. Garrison was a man of peace and triumphed by methods of peace and not of violence. To him it was given, too, to see himself the success of the cause which few expected to see triumph in less

than a century. "Therein," continued the speaker, "lies inspiration to us all, to continue to fight the battle of righteousness not only here, but wherever human beings the world over are being oppressed. In Garrison's spirit I urge you to courage and faith as you look into the future. No one ever saw Garrison downcast. When he decided the anti-slavery forces should organize only 15 gathered together, and when he proposed that in the platform of the new society should be the clause calling for immediate emancipation, three of his dearest friends walked out, the only ones who could donate a hundred dollars to the cause and not be embarrassed. Yet in a few years 800 societies and the national anti-slavery society had been formed. What a lesson for us when we look into the future, when stumbling blocks are put in the way of justice! There was a cause which seemed hopeless triumphing, which showed that Garrison possessed divine forethought, and that the cause had supporters. Remember these things when you are discouraged, and put into your work some of that indomitable spirit, some of that righteousness that was Garrison's."

Mr. E. E. Brown next spoke in eloquent terms of eulogy of Garrison. He thought no man more fitting to receive the Negro's love and respect than Garrison, the great emancipator and liberator of a people, and uncompromising defender of their rights, from whose life should be derived the lessons of fearless and dauntless courage in the face of trials and difficulties. He spoke of the great scene of the broadcloth mob, and of the occasion that enlisted Wendell Phillips to the cause of freedom, and lamented the dearth of men of the stamp of Garrison and Phillips and Andrews.

Mrs. Glendower Evans, who is an agitator for clean politics, said that it was a tremendous occasion to celebrate the life of so great a man, and regretted that though we thought of the deeds of the past we did not live up to them. She spoke of the corruption in municipal politics and exhorted all to help remove the evils.

The pastor introduced the next speaker, Mr. M. R. DeMortie, as one who had himself worked in the anti-slavery cause. Mr. DeMortie began his address, which was teeming with interesting historical statements of the anti-slavery times, by remarking that the very choir which had rendered such beautiful music spoke through and was a tribute to Mr. Garrison, because through him was made possible the opportunity to sing. Mr. DeMortie then told of the work of the abolitionists of his own participation and aroused much interest by exhibiting copies of The Liberator. His eulogy of Mr. Garrison and his coadjutors was very impressive. He spoke of the 12 men who formed the anti-slavery society in the old Baptist church in Joy street, as the 12 apostles of freedom; he mentioned the names of the abolitionists, of Wm. C. Nell, who got inspiration from Crispus Attucks' life, and began agitating for a monument to Attucks, and was moved also to agitate for mixed schools in Boston. In the course of Mr. De Mortie's remarks he spoke of a man present who saved Phillips from the mob, and when the pastor called for the man to rise, Mr. T. P. Taylor arose, and received the plaudits of the audience.

The last speaker was Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, who stirred the audience by her recital of the wrongs perpetrated on the Negroes today. She painted a vivid and awful picture of the chain gang, the convict lease system, lynch law and all the horrors of southern brutality, and declared that the atrocities in America went far beyond the murders of the Rusisan Jews, and that though maltreated, the Jews' social status was always superior to that of the Negro in the United States. She longed for another W. L. Garrison as needed now as in the days of slavery to start such an agitation that would emancipate the race today from its awful thraldom. Mrs. Terrell's speech was a masterly effort, showing a deep acquaintance with the subject, and full of long quotations from Garrison's sayings and letters. The audience was loud and long in its applause.

With Mrs. Terrell's address, after singing by the choir, the memorable event came to an end.

AT. ST. PAUL BAPTIST CHURCH, CAMDEN STREET, BOSTON.

In spite of the stormy weather, a great audience assembled in the St. Paul Baptist church Sunday night Dec. 10th, in response to the call of the Boston Suffrage league, to celebrate the one hundredth birthday of that matchless hero, William Lloyd Garri-

son. The speakers were most enthusiatically received. The services opened at 7.30 with a sacred solo by the organist, Miss L. Hill. The pastor, Dr. B. W. Farris, then arose and in a brief and timely speech, introduced Sergeant Horatio J. Homer, the presiding officer, who in a short address, declared that Mr. Garrison had made it possible for the Negro to advance so rapidly in the higher civilization. He then called upon the pastor to read Scripture, after which Deacon Alfred Moore, who knew Mr. Garrison personally was introduced to offer prayer. He then introduced Madame Nana Varrs Hunter, who captured her audience by her sweet solo. Professor Homer B. Sprague of Cambridge delivered a most profound address, going back to the genesis of the Negro in this country, and ending by declaring that "William Lloyd Garrison was the Moses of this generation." He said in part:

"Slavery was introduced into this country some 286 years ago. It was a great hindrance to the progress of our nation. It was a great sin that was committed by the whole country, who took stock in slave trade. The nation paid for this sin dearly by the sacrifice of so many precious lives and the expenditure of so much money. The character of Mr. Garrison compels the admiration of every true American. The cause for which he stood was righteous. In his great speech (which he read) he said he was willing to trust the work that he had begun to the true North for completion, that is the equal rights of the Negro. He was your true friend, and well have you come to celebrate his 100th birthday."

Professor Sprague closed with the following quotation from Lowell:

"No; true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.
They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three!"

The next speaker was Rabbi Eichler, who was received amid great applause, and said:

"I consider it an honor to have the opportunity of standing upon the platform of this old historic church organization, upon whose platform Mr. Garrison has stood in defense of your liberty and the safety of the government years ago.

You have been emancipated, in part, but you are still passing through the wilderness of American prejudice; you have yet to come to the possession of the promised land. Your progress in the last 40 years tells the world that you will in time reach that promised land. Your sorrows are felt keenly by our race. You read the daily papers and you see how my race is suffering at the hand of the cruel oppressor in the far off East, under the Russian government. Old men, young men, old women and young women, children and babies, are murdered at the cruel hand of the oppressor. The work Mr. Garrison begun will not be completed until you reach the promised land of your equal rights, for which he stood so bravely. You honor a great man today; he is to this race in part, what Moses was to the Jew, and with you we bow in honor to his memory. That God is the father of us all and that God who led the Jew out of bondage into the promised land, was leading the Negro. Let him be a man and stand up for his rights; they will come in time; Garrison has made it possible." The choir then sang. Seated upon the platform next to Rev. Farris, were Mrs. Fanny Garrison Villard and son, Mr. Harold Garrison Villard, and at this time the presiding officer called upon Dr. Farris to introduce Mrs. Villard, with a five minutes' eulogy that brought forth loud applause, the great audience arose and received Mrs. Villard amidst the most enthusiastic gratefulness. After they were seated and the applause had died away, she delivered a 20-minute address, saying:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Words cannot express my joy in being here tonight. When Mr. Farris, your pastor, invited me in New York city to be present here tonight, I accepted the kind invitation with pleasure. So much has been said in commendation of the earnest deeds of my father that I hardly know how to express my appreciation. I was down to the old Joy street meeting house this afternoon, to that great meeting, and my heart was filled as I listened and thought of how my father spoke from that platform in defense of your liberty. Your pastor said in introduc-

ing me that our home was always filled with visitors, who were interested in the movement of freeing your race. I would often go to bed in one place and wake in the morning in another place, having been moved during the night and my bed given to strangers. My father used to say to me, 'Daughter, you have a nice bed and lovely home and all comforts, but the poor little Colored girl has no bed, no comforts, no home, how happy you ought to be and what a good girl you ought to be!'

"But my father was not only interested in the emancipation of your race; he was also interested in the women and worked hard in this direction. In fact he was interested in every good and righteous cause; he was truly an honest advocater against wrong. He stood for higher life.

"Our family was happy, our home pleasant, because neither my father nor my mother, nor the children took difficulties hard; we always rose above the situation and were happy, because we were working for a principle that would live on, though we die. If my father could come back here now, he would be much mortified to know that those principles for which he stood and suffered, and that were accomplished by giving the Colored people their franchise, had been rescinded and the South no longer regarded your race as citizens. But let us hope for a better future, and one hundred years hence, I trust all wrongs will have been made right and your race enjoy that happy freedom for which my father suffered and to which cause he so earnestly gave a great part of his life. I thank you for listening so attentively to my remarks."

Other brief addresses were then delivered and the program was closed by a chorus, "Awake the Song."

AT MORNING STAR BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

The Morning Star Baptist church Garrison celebration on Sunday evening was of especially good quality, being held under the auspices of the Boston Suffrage League. After prayer by the pastor, Rev. Martin L. Harvey, the programme opened with an appropriate speech from Mr. W. W. Doherty, who emphasized the work of the league and said it was following in the steps of Garrison, and concluded with the assurance that Garrison's work would live on forever and that it behooved all of us to emulate his example and work with his spirit. Mr. H. B. Blackwell spoke next and said in part that Garrison was the right man for the right time and that his work was done so truly and so well that its effect is lasting even up to this day. Miss Alice Blackwell was next introduced in place of Mrs. Julia W. Howe. Her remarks were enthusiastic and interesting and included many personal reminiscences of Mr. Garrison with whom she had a close acquaintance. He had been a source of great inspiration to her, and she thoroughly believed in his principles. She claimed that this celebration should inspire all of us to work harder in the great cause of human rights and that we should look to Garrison for encouragement.

Mr. B. F. Trueblood referred to the excellent work being done by the Suffrage league and said that while Garrison was primarily a man of power, yet he accomplished such a vast amount of good that his name would ever be connected with every movement for manhood's rights. Rev. Byron Gunner of Newport contributed a strong and able address in which he claimed that Garrison was a faithful man and feared God above all else; that he was true to his convictions, especially to his convictions of slavery's wrongs. He continued that Garrison was true to the work after he had begun it and stood by it through every struggle. Mr. Gunner said further that he hoped a lasting inspiration by this memorial would be made on the hearts of all.

Mr. Davis of Malden concluded the program with a forceful and appreciative speech.

AT ZION BAPTIST CHURCH, LYNN, MASS.

A Garrison Memorial meeting was held with special exercises Sunday night, Dec. 10th, 1905, at the Zion Baptist church, corner of Fayette and Adams streets, Lynn, Mass. The address of the evening was delivered by the pastor, Rev. P. Thomas Stanford, D. D., M. D., LL. D., his subject being "The Voice of Wm. Lloyd Garrison."

He said in part:

"The Suffrage League of Boston has issued an appeal to the clergymen

people to unite on the 10th and 11th of this month, today and tomorrow, and fittingly recognize the centenary of William Lloyd Garrison.

"In his last days Mr. Garrison frankly ascribed all that he had been or done to the training, example and influence of his mother, whose early history was of uncommon interest. He was her second son and loved her with all his soul, mind and spirit. Her actions, words and deeds were as if with an iron pen cut into his very being and shaped his character.

After speaking of Garrison's conversion to Immediatism and of his imprisonment at Baltimore, his fine having been paid by Arthur Tappan, Rev. Stanford continued:

"July 1, 1831, Mr. Garrison issued the first edition of the Liberator. He had no money or friends, and he and his partner, Isaac Knapp, were too poor to hire an office of their own, but the foreman of The Christian Examiner employed them as journeymen, taking their labor as pay for the use of his type. James Foster, a Colored man of Philadelphia, bought the first Liberator for $50.

"Laboring under such unfavorable circumstances, he was not disheartened. For 35 years the brave Garrison contended for the immediate enfranchisement of the slave against many odds, unkind treatment and imprisonment. Just 35 years on the first day of January, 1866, Garrison had the happiness of announcing that the glorious work to which he had devoted himself was finally finished.

Rev. Stanford closed with an appeal to his fellow Americans to start a second Garrisonian movement to abolish Negro-American serfdom.

AT CENTRE ST. BAPTIST CHURCH, MALDEN, MASS.

At 7.15 p. m., December 10, 1905, at the Centre Street Baptist church, Malden, Mass., the services were opened by the choir's singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." Invocation was by Rev. O. F. Tate, after which E. A. Washington, the chorister, led the congregation in singing "My Country;" the pastor, Rev. J. H. Wiley, then read the 60th chapter of Isaiah, and Deacon M. H. Smith offered prayer, and the next was singing by the choir, one of Mr. Garrison's favorite hymns, "Awake My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve." After a short speech by Deacon J. Davis, the choir chanted the 23d Psalm. Then Rev. Wiley arose and took for his text Isaiah 61, 1st and 2d verses and from this prophecy he pictured the likeness of Garrison and Christ in their work. Christ worked for the emancipation of man's soul; Garrison worked for the emancipation of man's body. Then Deacon E. Derry offered prayer, and after that Deacon P. Sneed took up a good celebration collection, and the congregation united in singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." At 9.30 benediction by Father Tate.

AT CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, SHAWMUT AVENUE, BOSTON.

At the Calvary Baptist Church, Boston, Sunday night, Dec. 10th, there was a joint Garrison celebration by church and Sunday School. Mr. L. E. Pasco, church clerk, presided. Rev. S. J. Comfort, the pastor, read the Boston Suffrage League's Appeal and welcomed the Sunday School. Mrs. Mary Howard, superintendent, made the response. Miss Marie Johnson read a poem on Garrison composed by the late Elijah Smith, father of Mrs. J. M. Burrell. An eloquent oration on Garrison was delivered by John M. Burrell, Esq. The choir, Prof. J. S. Pollen, director, sang several hymns. Rev. Taylor pronounced the benediction. The meeting was enthusiastic and inspiring.

AT UNION BAPTIST CHURCH, MAIN ST., CAMBRIDGE.

At the Union Baptist church, Cambridge, Sunday night, Dec. 10th, the Rev. Jesse Harrell, D. D., spoke on the 100th anniversary of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. He spoke of the great and good men being a gift from God. Wm. Lloyd Garrison was a broad-hearted man and a lover of all mankind. He made a great sacrifice of his time and labored for the freedom of the Colored race. The pastor urged upon the people to follow his example and precepts. He also spoke on the no-license question, urged upon the people to vote no. The choir rendered special selections and the congregation was good.

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